JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 22, 1928 Vol. XLIV. No. 1162.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

See you at Olympia — Radio's Rendezvous

Admission 1/6 Daily

TUESDAY, SEPT. 25th [up to 5 p.m.] 2/6

J.B.

JOHN BULL'S

GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

SICKNESS: £5-5

ACCIDENT

FIRE UP TO £400

STORM & FLOODS UP TO £300

292 MORE CHEQUES for Registered Readers

"John Bull" announces this week the payment of another big batch of cheques under its Great Free Insurance Gift—still further proof that our free insurance is the most practical and generous ever offered. We give below just a few of the names of those who benefit. Have you signed the forms?

SICKNESS BENEFITS £5-5-0

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

FIRE UP TO £400

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LONDON, N.W.6.—Mr. Wm. Squire, 22, Windermere Avenue.
GLASGOW.—Mr. David Nimmo, 40, Brook Street Mile End.
MOUNTAIN ASH.—Mrs. A. Parfitt, 17a, Price Street.
WIDE OPEN SEATON BURN.—Mr. A. Henderson, 4, Old Colliery.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. A. Partridge, 62, Sherbourne Street, Ladywood.
TAUNTON.—Mr. H. J. Branchflower, 3, Bagehill Terrace, Norton Fitzwarren.
STOCKPORT.—Mr. W. Sandells, Hill Street, Rayfield.
ASHINGTON.—Mr. J. W. Johnson, 180, Maple Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. A. Goodwin, 125, Cross Arthurlie Street, Barrhead.
CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK.—Mrs. T. Grantham, 29, Leamington Street.
CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK.—Mr. A. Elson, 49, Churchill Street.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. E. Wrallbank, 142, Richardson Street.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. G. Thomas, 23, Queen Street, Trefforest.
ALDERSHOT.—Mrs. F. Rabbant, 11, Alexandra Road.
OAKHAM.—Mr. J. H. Butcher, 21, Teeners Hill.
LOWESTOFT.—Mr. F. E. Saunders, 27, Union Street.
NORWICH.—Mr. R. Barnard, Witton, Honing.
ASTON.—Mrs. M. Johnson, 11, Clifton Road.
SPALDING.—Mrs. (George, 29, Stonegate.
OLDBURY.—Mr. H. Law, 3, Victoria Road, Reed End.
CARDIFF.—Mrs. M. Griffin, 25, Tyloch Rd., Riv.
CLEETHORPES.—Mrs. S. A. Moore, 5, Park View.
BACUP.—Mr. Harold Jackson, 34a, Rochdale Road.
BARGOED.—Mrs. M. Pantell, 26, Frances Rd.
IVER.—Mrs. E. Tooley, 11, Sunnyside Cottages.
ALDERSHOT.—Mrs. T. Hodgson, 9, Guildford Road.
BURNLEY.—Mr. A. Dean, 1, Thorn Street.
STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Mrs. T. B. Bradley, 31, Wellesbourne Grove.
WIGAN.—Mrs. J. T. Howard, 26, Taylors Lane, Lower Ince

HARROGATE.—Miss D. Wardman, Cliff House, Kirkby Overblow.
MERTHYR TYDFIL.—Mrs. M. Jarman, 10, Collins Court, Georgetown.
SPENNYMOOR, DURHAM.—Mr. Wm. Gill, 41, Bishop Close Row.
SOUTH SHIELDS.—Mrs. E. A. Hebblon, 104, South Eldon Street.
BLYTH.—Mrs. M. Embleton, 18, West Row, Cowpen Colliery.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. Miller, 1554, Walker Road, Walker.
Co. DURHAM.—Mr. J. C. Blacklock, 3, Pit Row, Sherburn House Colliery.
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SWINDON.—Mr. R. King, 3, The Circle, Pipshayes.
TAUNTON.—Mr. E. J. Sherrin, The Pound, Carhampton.
EYE.—Mr. E. E. Phillips, Dublin Road, Occold.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mr. J. Howitt, 4, St. Michael's Street.
STOURBRIDGE.—Mr. Frank Sealey, Worcester Road, West Hagley.
KING'S LYNN.—Mr. W. Daniels, Near Post Office; Ingoldisthorpe.

ACCIDENT BENEFITS £3 PER WEEK

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PEMBREY.—Mrs. A. Walton, 9, Sharp Street.
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LITTLEHAMPTON.—Mrs. E. J. Butler, 6, Victoria Terrace.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. Bush, 232, Newfoundland Road.
DERBY.—Mrs. Emma Simpson, 80, Reuben Road.
BUCKDEN, HUNTS.—Mrs. E. Thomson, Church Street.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. Alfred Payne, Spratton.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. E. Andrews, 221, Wellgate.
CHARLTON, S.E.7.—Mrs. Emma Epson, 106, West Street.
MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Fanny Hancroft, 163, Bolton Road, Nr. Ramsbottom.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. Sophia Fullen, 44, Alexander Street.
STOURBRIDGE.—Miss Lucy E. Gregory, 15, Foster Street, Kinver.
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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Reader's Name..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

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Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

1½d. stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 4d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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Address .....

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Signature .....

Address .....

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Date.....

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This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 21/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 5/6 Non-Breakable Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five may be used. Any Dating may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Forget the 2d. stamp. Crossed cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Name or Initial engraved on Pen for 6d. extra

SAVE 13/6

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SEND NO MONEY

TRY THE LYEESI ON YOUR BED FOR ONE WEEK FREE!

NOT a sale but a genuine offer

The "LYEESI" Mattress Support makes a sagging bed as comfy and healthy as an expensive box-spring mattress. The "LYEESI" is priced as low as its worth allows—this is no price-cutting sale of a job line, it is a new and superior spring bed support offered at a price every housewife can afford. The price will not vary, the quality will not vary—buy a "LYEESI," but prove its value first.

Send no money — but post the coupon

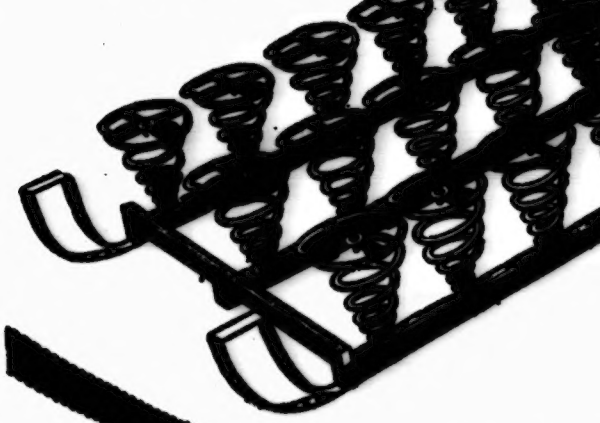

Illustration is of 4 ft. 6 in. size.

Sleep like a top on top of a LYEESI

You never hear the thunder, the buses, the trains, the traffic noises of this hurrying age—your "LYEESI" makes bed a haven of easy rest, perfect sleep. You wake up every morning thoroughly fit, revived and refreshed. Fit a "LYEESI" to that sagging, uncomfortable mattress that gives you a crick in the back, and you will sleep the sleep of the just—and the wise

SEVEN NIGHTS FREE COMFORT

Make sure before you buy. We will send you a "LYEESI" direct to your door, carriage paid. You can put the "LYEESI" under your own mattress—whatever its condition—and enjoy seven nights of delightful, refreshing sleep FREE. SEND NO MONEY.

1st STAMP BANISHES INSOMNIA

Fill in the coupon now

LYEESI MATTRESS SUPPORT

FIXED PRICE

6/9

FOR 2' 6" MATTRESS

OTHER SIZES AND PRICES

To fit a 3 ft. Mattress	.. ..	7/9
" " 3 ft. 6 in. Mattress	..	8/9
" " 4 ft. Mattress	.. ..	9/9
" " 4 ft. 6 in. Mattress	..	10/9
" " 5 ft. Mattress	.. ..	11/9

COMPLETE AND CARRIAGE PAID.

These sizes represent the width of your mattress. The "LYEESI" is made to fit either a wire mesh, diamond mesh or link type of mattress.

THE SELBY MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED, 21a, FINSBURY STREET, E.C.2.

Post this coupon

To The Selby Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
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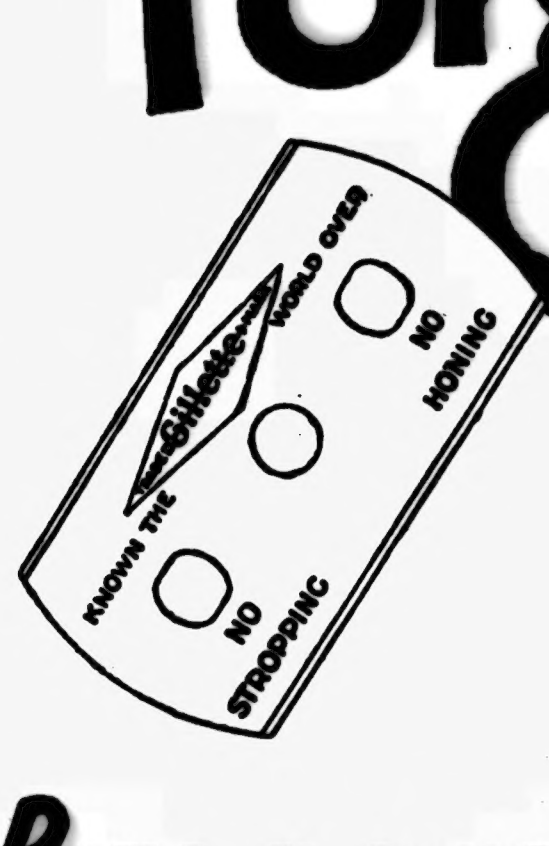
Please send me a "LYEESI" Spring Mattress support. Size.....for 7 nights' Free Trial (State whether for a wire mesh, diamond mesh or link type of mattress. Please strike out those which do not apply.) If satisfactory I will send its price within 8 days of its receipt: if not I will return the "LYEESI" immediately.

Name.....

Address.....

J.B. 22/9 PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY.....

Don't Forget



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Buy a packet of Gillette Blades to-day!

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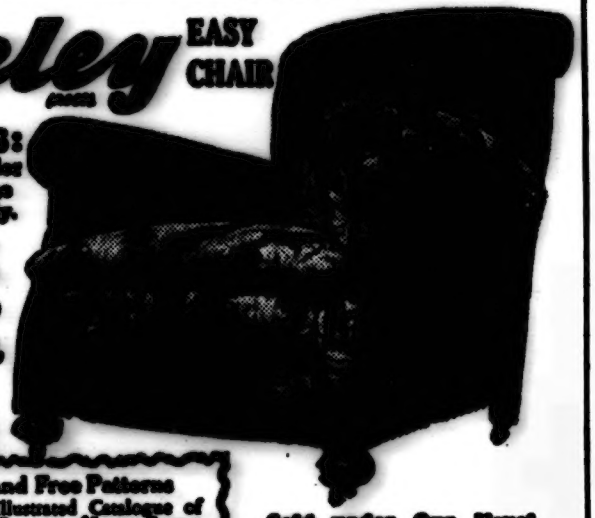

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JOHN BULL

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WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Puzzle for the Premier.

"Cabinet changes" will be in the air for months, as one after another of "the old gang" resolves to quit. Baldwin has to decide whether to face the General Election with the old team or a new one.

"Packing" the Cabinet.

With every vacancy a push will be made to pack the Ministry with Protectionists. All the same, there is such a thing as pushing too hard. It may throw over the boat.

A Toreador Wanted.

The Protectionists are bent on showing their horns at the Conservative Party conference next week. It will be interesting to see how Baldwin plays with the blind rushes of the "Safeguarders" when he goes to the bull-ring.

The Wind Up.

At least 200 M.P.s have given the hint that they are "not seeking" re-election. Those who feel the strongest draught mean to be wise in time this time.

Not Good Enough.

Last General Election, in the southern counties, eighty-four M.P.s out of eighty-five were elected by three-fifths of the vote. There's a very sound reason for backing Proportional Representation.

Last-minute Tactics.

The frantic efforts of the Cabinet to reduce unemployment before facing the country is more tragic than amusing. Mass moves always mean individual suffering.

Lighting the Road.

If Parliament looked to the British Association for ideas, the betterment of Britain would get on faster. Wonders can be achieved by applying science to life and industry.

A Skilled Job.

Sir William Bragg's view that industry needs more and higher craftsmen than ever is just as true of politics. Progress is hampered at every turn by politicians with more craftiness than craftsmanship.

All Flesh is Grass.

By scientific treatment of grass-land, the meat and milk yield of this country could be trebled and the rural population doubled. Where is the Ministry that will make a Greater Britain of our own island?

That False Step.

Now its folly has been exposed, the Franco-British "naval agreement" may be dropped as being useless without America or Italy coming into line. Unfortunately, that will not undo the mischief done in tightening the French grip on Europe.

Exactly.

Financial difficulties bar the way to complete and unconditional evacuation of the Rhineland. It's fatally easy to blunder into the entanglements of war, but not so easy to find the way out.

Arbitrate!

Now is the moment for the League of Nations. Germany's willingness and M. Briand's moderate tone make it possible for a committee of experts to examine the question impartially.

Wise Sayings.

The British Government has to choose between the Peace Pact and Poincarism. Let it beware of either falling between two stools or of putting its money on the wrong horse.

Diplomatic.

The election by the League of Nations of Mr. Hughes, once U.S. Secretary of State, as a judge on The Hague Permanent Court of International Justice, is diplomacy of the right sort. The way is reopened for America's adherence.

Cross Talk.

Mr. Lloyd George's "Peace Pact and Disarmament," published in America, is as strong for peace as official utterances from this country are weak. There's a marked difference between what is said by the "ins" or "outs" of office.

Money In It.

It pays some people to foster armament production in peace time. It paid them when they were used last time—and for the last time.

Next Time.

The shortest sight should be able to see that war as a paying proposition has exploded. If it is allowed to break out again there'll be no civilisation left for enjoyment of ill-gotten gain.

As Usual.

The Government is "watching" the threatened milk war, but "no action is to be taken at present" to stop it. Such miserable reluctance to act is tragic.

Be Prepared.

The truth is that this "watching brief" business has been handed to the country too long. It has ruined the coal industry; why wait until it does the same for every vital industry in the country?

Why Exist?

It is the duty of the Ministry of Health to secure pure milk supplies to every hospital, institution and little child in the country. And plans to protect it in times of crisis should always be laid.

Who Gets It?

To carry one gallon of milk one hundred miles by rail on the Continent costs ½d. Here it costs 1½d. There's a reason why milk in this country is dear and poor children never get enough.

• • •

Big Figures

£2,000—"Bullets" First Prize this week.
2,173 Cash Prizes offered on page 39.
£33,152—Won in "Bullets" this year.

Fishy.

The average price of all fish sold is 9d. a pound. The average price paid to fishermen is 1½d. a pound. If only a quarter of the fish caught is sold there's a reason.

Eggs.

Eggs have soared to famine price "merely" because more are eaten. Why more aren't produced by consumers is easy. They haven't got the land on which to keep hens.

Contrast.

Peasantry in Continental countries don't know the meaning of egg, milk, butter and cheese starvation. They have the land and grow their own. That's the reason.

Plentiful Plums.

At East Markham, Notts, fruit branches are so laden that growers are kept picking day and night. How many pounds will reach working-class districts cheap is what we want to know.

Patiently Starving.

Since the Admiralty dockyard at Pembroke closed down, the town has been stagnant. Why don't patriots buy the works for civil shipbuilding? Wealth would be well spent and well made.

Traditional.

Men of Pembroke are splendid shipbuilders. The world needs their work. It only wants someone with business grit and enterprise to start the hammers moving.

"Entente Cordiale."

The sixteen American railway agents studying conditions of travel in this country are welcome. To encourage traffic between America and Britain is better than fostering rivalry in armaments.

Foulness.

Five hundred tons of London refuse dumped daily on waste land at Yiewsley causes intolerable nuisance to local residents. The Ministry of Health must check this vile stench. It menaces health.

Ramsay's Hint.

The appointment of the joint British and Canadian Immigration Commission urged by Mr. MacDonald would be sensible. Among problems prepared by the present Government for its successor to settle we don't want thousands of dumped and starving emigrants.

Autocracy.

By what right do Hunstanton magistrates refuse to grant a licence for a cinema in the town? A petition signed by 75 per cent. of the householders and nine out of twelve councillors has a right to be honoured.

He Must Distinguish.

Ernest Lee's threats so frightened Phyllis Stollworthy, of Doncaster, his former sweetheart, that she "could neither work by day nor sleep at night." A pity local magistrates in binding him over could not teach him that feelings working such harm are not "love," but selfish hate.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Slum Victims.

A 3.6 proportion of the Aylsham population as against 0.7 in the rest of the district in 1927 was tubercular. Well may Mrs. Johnson, of the district council, inveigh against slums and press for more houses. We entreat her to keep pegging away.

Lunatic on the Line.

Once again the seat-slasher is busy on the railway. This time he is operating on the Liverpool Street to Chingford line, and no fewer than six cases of wanton destruction were discovered in a week. When this fellow is trapped, he must be dealt with as the lunatic he is.

Sawdust Meals.

Sand and sawdust are used by dishonest manufacturers in mixing calf and pig meals and poultry mash. In spite of Professor R. G. Linton's contention that such adulterations are difficult to trace, the effort must be made to stop cruelty to animals and loss to owners.

Work Preferred.

All honour to the unemployed of the Chapeltown area of Wortley for informing the rural council that they prefer work to drawing relief. We hope the council will meet them a full half way in providing a worth-while scheme. Nothing can excuse the snubbing of such healthy independence.

Splendid Chance.

Battle's luckiest lass has been bound over for three years for stealing a jumper and jumper-suit. Although previously convicted, her employer is prepared to give her a home and her girl guide captain has promised to look after her. With such friends and unique chances, she has every reason to do well in future.

Bluffing the Burglars.

Woman's wit saved the situation when Mrs. Hecker, of Blackheath, shouting to her husband to get his gun and shoot two burglars, spied by her at the bedroom door, ultimately secured their arrest. Praise from the Old Bailey Recorder and a gift of £5 are happy acknowledgments of feminine resource in a tight corner.

Too Late.

It is beginning the wrong end of the stick for the Penybont Rural Council to eject an unemployed man, his wife and eleven children from the two-bedroomed cottage he has occupied for twenty-one years. Undesirable overcrowding might long ago have ceased if such parents had been taught to cut their families according to the cloth.

Ousting Oil?

The recent experiments with pulverised coal fuel, carried out on the cargo vessel *Stuartstar*, were claimed to have been a real success by the chief engineer. "This will cut out oil, and we shall stop sending our money to America," he said. We trust, incidentally, that the wide adoption of the new fuel will lighten the lot of our miners.

Completely Unfit.

When the six-weeks-old son of Alfred Barber, of Newburn Street, S.E., died from malnutrition and wasting, it transpired at the coroner's court that the father had lived for nine years on the "dole" and the mother was mentally deficient. She had borne nine children, six of whom were dead. A hopeless case; but not nearly so reprehensible as the national carelessness that allows this sort of thing to go on unchecked.

Noble Nurse.

When Frederick Powell, of Didsbury, swam out to the aid of his son, who got into difficulties while bathing at Meerness Point, he was seen to disappear. Immediately Miss Edith Williams, a nurse from Wigan, plunged in. Though she became exhausted, pluckily she clung to the lad until a lifebelt was thrown to her, and the two were drawn to safety. We raise our hat to the gallant father who sacrificed his life, and to the noble woman who risked hers on behalf of a stranger.

Wretched Wellingborough.

Water everywhere unfit to drink, refuse collected only once a month in some areas, no isolation hospital and no public ambulance are the hygienic handicaps of the Wellingborough rural district with a population of 12,000. It is time central instead of parish control was set up.

Great Water Way.

By taking a great cargo of grain from Minnesota farms *en route* for Liverpool down the Mississippi River to the coast the saving over rail shipment will amount to $88,000 on the 1,000,000 bushels of wheat. Who, after that, can deny that railway exactions add to the price of bread?

Cruel Old Man.

How could Robert Hewitt, nearly eighty, of Stratford, have been so cruel as to have cut both wings of a chaffinch to the bone to confine it in a cage? Even at his age he is extremely lucky to get away with a sentence of one day's imprisonment for a dastardly and callous offence.

Racing Maniac.

Charles Bentley, of Pendleton, was fined £5 and 35s. costs for driving a motor-cycle at thirty-five miles an hour on the wrong side of the road. He was returning from Raikes Speedway, Bolton, where he had been dirt-track racing. That, however, is no excuse for his knocking down a collier and crashing into an electric standard. Fines of this sort will not make maniacs sane.

The Human Machine

MUTTON HEADS!

by *E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.*

I WONDER how many of us ever stop to think that we are real and distinct personalities?

We ought never to lose sight of it, because if we do we are merely becoming one of the "mob," and it is because the "mob" is composed of people who forget they are individuals with personalities of their own that the taunt has arisen that "democracy vulgarises everything that it touches."

It would not if the people who compose democracy behaved when they were together in crowds as they do when they are by themselves in their own homes.

Democracy would be all it should if we never lost sight of the fact that we each have a brain and that we each ought to use it instead of letting other people do our thinking for us.

The task of the incompetent politician is only possible because so many people refuse to think for themselves. If we really thought, the politicians would either have to get on or get out.

It is the same with newspapers. They can rush the people into war, and make them do all sorts of silly things—but only because the people will not think for themselves. The greatest newspaper magnate ever born cannot do anything if people would only think.

NEWSPAPERS are very useful if they are used properly. They are the means of getting information, but the wise man takes the opinions expressed in them with a grain of salt.

He extracts the facts—and forms his own opinions. That is what he has been given brains for!

People who grumble because things are bad or because things do not move quickly enough, should think this over. The fault is theirs. They are being led instead of leading.

People who refuse to think always are led—and they nearly always end up by falling in the soup!

Mean Thief.

Stealing the cream from milk at Victor Station, Manchester, the Cheetham dairyma Jacob Glass, has been on the track of unho profits, forgetting the needs of the babes and t sick. A crime so mean called for punishme more severe than a £5 fine. Perhaps the magistrat left Glass' full punishment to his conscience.

Call to Capitalists.

Though radium is exceptionally dear, its lif giving properties are all but inexhaustible; hen the gift of this precious element to hospitals ca not be overestimated. Doctors assert that millionaires would purchase supplies for the institutions a tremendous amount of cancer suffe ing would be obviated. Forward, Dives!

Boy and Barrel.

A Hastings woman, walking along the roa saw some lads poking sticks into an open barr of tar. To her query as to what they were doin she got the reply, "Looking for Dicky." On in the nick of time was Richard Vincent, age three, dragged out by a workman. It is high reprehensible that such traps for kiddies should b left unguarded in the public street.

The Law's Delay.

We confess sympathy with the protest of th prisoner who complained that he had been kep in custody for five weeks, nor were the police ye in a position to proceed with the case. Guilty o innocent, such delay is scandalously unfair to th accused. Magistrates might do well to ignor official opposition to the granting of bail when th time taken to prepare a case is excessive.

Reckless Entertaining.

Several bottles of whisky at 17s. 6d. each, forty five cigars at eighteenpence apiece, half as muc again as the cost per head of teas provided for the 55 sailors, were items on the Folkestone Town Council entertainment bill of £169 6s. 10d. for the office and men of H.M.S. *Marlborough*. Councillor Forsyt protests with reason against such disgraceful extravagance in these days of unemployment.

What Homes!

Two small bedrooms are the whole of th sleeping accommodation in a Chorley cottage fo two families. A man, his wife, a girl of thirtee and a youth of eighteen constitute one family; th other consists of a man, his wife, three boys an three girls! All are victims of the system of build ing houses to let at rents poor people cannot affor to pay. When will Chorley move to save thes families—and the others?

Blaenavon's Shame.

It is all very well for Dr. A. H. James, th Blaenavon Company works doctor to maintai that reputed starvation in the district is a politica stunt. The fact and the shame remains that th infantile death-rate is the highest in Great Britain. With county council and private funds available it is sheer laziness if overcrowding, bad wate supply, and ignorance of food values are not com batted to save the children.

Despicable.

Arthur L. Castell, branch manager at th Ministry of Labour office at Wickham Market, had so little sympathy with his less-fortunate fellows on the "dole" that he even stooped to forging their signatures to convert official money for his own uses. For this he has just been fined £15 and £9 costs as an alternative to two months' hard labour. It is to be hoped that he will repay the leniency that has been accorded him.

Old Clo' Trickster.

Householders of Birmingham and district should be on guard against a woman who is going the rounds professing to be a buyer of old clothes. After valuing the apparel offered, she tenders a portion of the agreed amount, and promises to call with the balance in the morning. Needless to say, she fails to turn up, especially as she purloins anything of value on which she can lay her hands while the articles are being collected.

Elderly Lapse.

Richly deserved was the fine of £2 imposed by the Samford magistrates on Arthur Creasy, of Belstead, for bad behaviour towards a little girl of thirteen, blackberrying with a friend near where he was sheep-tending. Making remarks about the child's legs, he attempted to trip her, apparently taking fright when she shrieked. We should expect from a man of sixty a more decent attitude, protectiveness towards youth.

Trained Children.

What might have been a terrible catastrophe was averted by the good behaviour of 1,300 poor Salford kiddies when the Wallasey ferry-boat, on which they were passengers, collided with a steamer. Though a few screamed and fainted when a shattering blow tore away part of the vessel, they obeyed at once when the Mayor of Salford started them singing. It speaks well for the training received at their day-schools.

Guns and Godliness.

Because the urban district council wished to dispose of a German gun presented to the town by the War Office, the rector of Guiseley, the Ven. J. F. Howson, intervened with the offer of a site in the rectory garden. There it will be erected alongside a cross inscribed, "Give peace in our time, O Lord." Such muddled thinking is remarkable. Guns taken in battle and kept as "memenoes" keep alive the war spirit.

Bad Tutor.

James Ross, aged nineteen, has had the misfortune to have been three years under Joseph Evans, a wagon examiner, who threatened to "make it hot" for the youth if he did not assist him in robberies from London, Midland and Scottish Railway trains. Evans is where he should be, doing eight months' hard labour. The other should take his chance of being bound over for two years, by cutting his ties with evil and evildoers.

Mother's Dilemma.

Deserted by her husband and her relief stopped, we do not see how Mrs. Truscott, of Abergavenny, though entirely wrong to send her three children to their grandmother without finding out if she would keep them, is to care for them now they are back on her hands. Since the N.S.P.C.C.'s prosecution of the wife has failed, the husband must be found and made to contribute to the family's support.

The Man Pays.

Though she parted with her child to another woman, disclaiming all responsibility, Nora Helliwell, of Swinton, received £125 on an affiliation order against Alfred Woofenden, a postman, and had the impertinence to demand £51 arrears. We agree with Alderman W. Wardley, the Sheffield magistrate, that the law by which the man rightly pays should be altered in cases where the woman forfeits her motherhood.

Making Themselves Felt.

The young people of the world are preparing a manifesto to be formally addressed to the peoples of the earth. In it they declare their conviction that never again can war solve any international problem, but only become in itself a source of injustice, hatred, demoralisation and poverty. Also that modern weapons have so increased in violence that their use would mean the end of all civilisation. The World Congress of Youth for Peace has not, this year, met in vain!

Changing the World.

Co-operative societies run entirely for, and often by, children are springing up all over Europe. Poland has 100 such organisations, there are over 300 in Latvia, and in France, where the movement started, more than 3,000. By selling and making goods and growing vegetables, materials are obtained for turning dirty playgrounds into glowing gardens and dingy, insanitary schools into up-to-date and gay places. Here is a lesson that later, transferred to municipal and national affairs, will make the world a different place.

Coroner's War on Suicides.

Mr. Eric N. Molesworth, the Rochdale coroner, complains that he has too many suicides to deal with; that it is very foolish and thoughtless of people; and that, if they continue, he will seriously consider passing verdicts without reference to the state of mind. Many people who might otherwise feel inclined to sympathise with him in his arduous duties will deem it equally foolish and thoughtless to give utterance to such outbursts as the above.

Living Puppet-shows.

"Convict watching" has become a regular amusement among holiday-makers at Dartmoor, as many as forty large charabancs emptying their occupants at Princetown in one morning to allow trippers to gloat over convicts being marched out. The authorities find it a source of trouble. We find it amazing that people should have no more decency than to make a peep-show of unfortunates undergoing punishment for wrongdoing.

Folly's Limit.

Sentenced to twelve months' hard labour for stealing a registered letter, John Beard, fifty-nine, a Reading post-office overseer, sacrificed a pension of £3 a week, a bonus of approximately £468, and benefits amounting to £2,000 from various societies to which he belonged. We will content ourselves by expressing astonishment that men can be such fools.

Widow's Weary Wait.

In January of this year a reader who resides at Caldicot, near Newport, Mon., made application to the authorities for a widow's pension. Now, after a weary wait of nine months, the Cardiff branch of the Ministry of Health can give no better explanation of the delay than that it "is still under investigation." Such dilatory methods would not be tolerated in business, and it is shameful that they can be practised by officialdom.

Disseminating Drivel.

"How to Earn Money at Home" is the title of a handbook issued by A. L. Dean and Co., of Durham Road, Sheffield, a firm which operates as "publishers, manufacturers and printers." Actually, it follows the objectionable practice of setting up youthful aspirants as home-workers in such futile undertakings as "selling formulas" for gout cures, corn salve and boot polish. The youthful disciples, in turn, disseminate much of the drivel they acquire from Dean and Co., and so the merry game goes on. But we fancy that most of the money-making is done by Dean and Co.!

Brooks Tries the Brewers.

A well-known brewery firm has just been favoured with a long letter from a Mr. George Brooks, of Three Dormers, Castle Hedingham, Essex. The writer professes to be an enemy of prohibition and calls for financial assistance to help him in his warfare. Brooks is a begging-letter writer, who has followed his cadging calling for years. For a long time he addressed his appeals chiefly to the nobility, but perhaps the fact that his activities were fully exposed in JOHN BULL has led him to select other fields.

Worthy Benefactor.

The other morning the post brought us a weighty package from Birkenhead, which was found to contain eighty golden sovereigns! That was all! Nothing whatever to indicate to whom we were indebted for such a splendid contribution to our "Greatest of These—" Fund. Since then, however, a brief note has been received stating that the anonymous donor merely wishes to see an acknowledgment in the paper and nothing more. The money will bring happiness to many, and every penny will be distributed, for, as readers know, all expenses of the fund are borne by their paper. It is impossible, however, to convey adequate thanks to the unknown benefactor at Birkenhead.

* * * *

292 more cheques paid to registered readers this week under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift. (See page 2.)

Problems of Life

WHO ARE *the* GOOD?

by *the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

SOME little time ago I went to see Sir Gerald du Maurier in his play "S O S." Sir Gerald has genius. He takes a part so naturally that you forget he is acting at all or that it would be possible for him to appear in any other character.

Sir Gerald du Maurier

I am no dramatic critic; but two things struck me about that play which I take leave to mention.

The first is that to an unsophisticated spectator like myself it seems a violent anti-climax to kill a person off and then bring the same person on again to bow to the audience at the end of the same act.

When the woman whose death is supposed to excite such horror in Sir Gerald's mind and those of his fellow-members of the cast comes back again a few minutes afterwards all smiles to receive from us the applause which is her due, we experience a sort of mild shock.

If she could be resuscitated when things are finishing happily for all concerned we should welcome her more heartily.

BUT a more important query is this: Where on earth did the playwright find the original of the innkeeper whom Sir Gerald had to describe as "a perfectly poisonous person"?

I do not believe such a person exists to-day within the shores of England—certainly not as the keeper of a public-house with a noisy bar-parlour.

We were shown an ugly, self-satisfied, mean-souled fellow who claimed to be what he called "righteous" and entitled to censure everybody else and threaten them with hell fire.

A simple-minded servant girl is made to say that he is "too religious to be honest."

Well, all I can say is that if such a type does exist, he is not engaged in selling beer and spirits.

The one thing certain about the matter is that a man of this innkeeper sort would not be allowed to make money in that way nowadays; he would have to sign the pledge.

England's danger to-day does not lie in the direction of being too Puritanic—rather the opposite.

There is no need to ridicule the smug and self-satisfied; no one takes them seriously; no one believes in their kind of goodness, the goodness that is plainly evil because so self-centred and joyless and devoid of love.

OUR principal danger to-day is that of the reckless and avid pursuit of a good time—meaning thereby the utmost obtainable of physical pleasure without troubling one's head about what it may cost to others or about the kind of contribution one ought to be making to the common life.

Real goodness in man or woman never parades itself. It consists in doing one's best in a kindly spirit and in refraining from inflicting needless pain upon anything that breathes.

A BLUE-BLOODED BLACKGUARD

Noble Family's Crooked Scion

DISOWNED, *and little* WONDER

Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice, who has constantly denounced the objectionable practice of holding out hopes of employment as a bait to secure investors

THE name of Leveson-Gower is famous and respected throughout the world, belonging to an honoured family, whose members include many titled and distinguished people.

It has, however, been sorrily besmirched in recent years by a scoundrel who has brought ruin to numerous victims as well as anxiety and distress to his relatives.

Hector Raynor Sutherland Leveson-Gower is the full name of the rogue in question, and he uses it to the fullest extent in impressing prospective dupes.

Abused name

Though he may be entitled by birth to share in the prestige with which his family name is everywhere held, he has abused it so much by his wayward principles that many will feel that he has abandoned the right to use it at all.

Many indeed are the complaints that have been made about his shady transactions.

Some time ago a gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Victoria saw an advertisement in a London newspaper offering a good position to a young man who had £150 to invest.

The advertisers were "partnership brokers," known as B. Carr and Co., who boasted an address in Oxford Street, W.

But when the applicant called at this company's office he was put in touch with Mr. Leveson-Gower, who stated that he was about to form a company to exploit a valuable patent that was to revolutionise the art of photographic reproduction.

He spoke very highly of his connections, and, in return for an investment of £150, undertook to instal the investor as manager of a branch office in Camberwell, with a commencing salary of £3 15s. a week, plus commission on all sales.

Despite Mr. Leveson-Gower's very impressive manner, the applicant displayed a measure of wisdom which others might find profitable to follow.

He decided to ask our advice in the matter, and the result was that he finally decided to leave Mr. Leveson-Gower's scheme alone.

The principal of Carr and Company was a man who was subsequently sent to prison for fraud, while Leveson-Gower, at the time of speaking so highly of the splendid prospects of his photographic business, was heavily in debt.

Impressive scheme

His creditors consisted largely of people who had invested money in other schemes.

How he became possessed of information regarding the photographic patent is an interesting story.

He visited a photographic trader in King's Cross, and persuaded him to allot him an agency for certain photographs that had been reproduced in France by a special process.

The trader supplied his distinguished agent with a stock of goods, and, as time passed, Leveson-Gower used all his guile to endeavour to prevail upon the photographer to divulge the secret formula of his patent.

Finally, he stated that if he were permitted to form a company in the name of Reprographs, Limited, he could raise a great deal of capital among his influential friends. The patent could then be effectively exploited and their fortunes would be made.

It all sounded very plausible to the trader, but the much-talked-of fortune never materialised, and the unfortunate dupe never even received payment for the goods which he had supplied to Leveson-Gower on credit, and which the latter had calmly disposed of.

Fortunesmaking schemes

After threatening to invoke legal aid, the photographer eventually obtained two worthless post-dated bills of exchange.

All the wretched people who lost money by investing in Reprographs, Limited, had been gulled into the belief that Leveson-Gower had the secret formula in his possession. Leveson-Gower was lying, however, as the trader had never divulged it.

Reprographs, Limited, is by no means the only medium through which Leveson-Gower has swindled unsuspecting people.

For years he has been concerned with various schemes conceived in fraud, and it is part of his common stock-in-trade to talk freely of his highly placed relatives and to suggest that they will be only too glad to put up capital for the project in hand.

One of his ventures was the Premier Art Company, Ltd., which boasted registered offices in Birmingham.

This, too, was to deal in various artistic goods and decorations, and was to make the usual fortunes for all who were lucky enough to associate themselves with Leveson-Gower in its development.

In due course, after the formation of this company, Leveson-Gower followed his customary practice of advertising for investors.

Then, with his usual impressiveness, he succeeded in inducing a number of people to invest money on the promise of permanent and highly remunerative posts.

No employment was found for the misguided souls who fell under his spell; but all lost their money.

One woman who had parted with her life's savings of £500 never saw a penny of it again.

Client's discovery

But she discovered that at least £300 of her money had been promptly paid into Leveson-Gower's private account instead of that of the Premier Art Co., Ltd., and that it had been utilised by him to pay pressing debts.

Then there was an ex-captain, who was much impressed by Leveson-Gower when he referred repeatedly to a famous duke in a manner which suggested that they were engaged in intimate work together.

The ex-captain thought he would be safeguarding his future by placing his savings of £500 in such distinguished hands, and he was delighted when given a job at Southampton.

But he soon found that the job was a "dummy" one; that there was no work to do; and that Leveson-Gower had disappeared, leaving him—and many others—to sink or swim.

An earlier venture was the Empire Industrial Syndicate, which had offices in the City, and which, like most of his companies, was merely a trading cloak for shady schemes.

One of the victims of this venture was a lady who, answering an advertisement for an investor, parted with £250, which Leveson-Gower undertook to invest in a company he proposed to form in the name of a certain meter gas company.

Professed genius

But the proposed company was never registered, and the poor woman's hard-earned cash went solely into the rapacious hands of this low-down scion of the aristocracy.

Latterly, Leveson-Gower has occupied an office at 59-60, Chancery Lane, W.C., where he professes to be a genius in the art of raising capital for important business projects, both at home and abroad.

That he still lives up to his swindling reputation is evidenced by the experience of a gentleman, who, inserting an advertisement in a London paper a few months ago, was favoured with a reply from Leveson-Gower, dated from West Malvern, where he has resided amidst lovely surroundings for some time past.

An interview was arranged, and Leveson-Gower told his usual stories of his exalted position and influential friends, revealing at the same time that he was busily financing (with the aid of his friends) the promotion of several companies.

He invited the advertiser to join him as a partner, and induced the latter to invest £250 on the understanding that it was to be returned in three months if the arrangement did not prove satisfactory.

Inventive stories

After he had parted with the money, however, the investor found that the stories were purely the invention of the narrator, and that there were few duties for him to perform. He very naturally asked for the return of his money; but he did not get it.

All he got was a post-dated bill, which was due for payment months ago. It was not met then, and it has never been honoured since.

But, after going to infinite trouble and expense, and after paying numerous visits to the Chancery Lane office, where Leveson-Gower is cheerfully "raising capital for all kinds of projects," the dupe has received, in dribs and drabs, an absurdly small proportion of the amount long overdue.

Leveson-Gower has also duped numerous traders who have furnished goods on credit, and his career of roguery dates back to 1910, when he was fined for pawning property that did not belong to him.

Still at it

Four years later he again fell into the hands of the police, this time for fraudulent conversion, and was lucky enough to escape with the lenient sentence of eight months' hard labour.

Three years after that he was in the dock again, and was sent to jail for twelve months for obtaining money by false pretences, while as "Hector R. Sutherland," in 1921, at Winchester Assizes, he was given three years' penal servitude for similar offences.

This was followed a year or so back by a term of eighteen months for posing as "Hector Lyon," and imposing on firms with worthless bills.

In his shameful operations he has yet contrived to live up to the family motto of "You may break, but you will not bend me!"

He has been many times broken, but in spite of frequent sojourns in jail, he remains unbent when searching for dupes at his Chancery Lane office, where he is now arranging the promotion of yet another venture.

TOUR WITH A TWIST

Continental Holiday Scandal
The HOST *who* LOST

IN February last the proprietor of a large hotel in Bruges was favoured with an enquiry from an English firm of "travel organisers" known as Sealand Tours, of 14, Hadley Road, New Barnet, Herts.

The impressive notepaper was embellished with a pictorial representation of a railway train running along a dock beside a three-funnel liner, while the printed heading announced that the company had "agencies at principal towns at home and abroad."

The communication was signed "F. L. Watson" and asked for full particulars of tariff for the coming season.

A printed leaflet was enclosed, giving details of special Easter tours in Belgium, and Mr. Watson concluded his letter by assuring the proprietor that his clients would undoubtedly be sent to his hotel if the terms were suitable, and that all accounts would be paid before their departure.

Fastidious requirements

Scenting the possibility of good business, the hotel proprietor complied with all Mr. Watson's requests, and a little later was asked by Sealand Tours to accommodate about twelve members of a ladies' guild who were touring under its auspices.

In the correspondence that ensued, Sealand Tours proved most fastidious, and also insisted that the rates should be kept down to a minimum.

Eventually Mr. Watson wrote to say that the party from the ladies' guild had been increased to sixteen.

Then, on June 8, Mr. Watson wrote from 4, York Road, King's Cross, London, requesting the proprietor to return the guild's hotel coupons so that they could be included in the month's account.

In passing, he drew the proprietor's attention to the change of address, and wrote: "Owing to the growth of business we have taken larger offices, which are more central."

Complying with the above request, the hotel proprietor duly submitted his account, which came to 5,152 francs or approximately £172.

Puzzling note

He was then advised that this was having immediate attention, and that the manager would call and settle the account personally in the course of a few days, when he would also discuss further arrangements for parties in July and August.

Two weeks passed without event, and when the hotel proprietor wrote to remind Sealand Tours that his account was still outstanding, he was assured that the manager should reach Bruges "in the very near future" as he was already on the Continent.

Still the weeks drifted by, and towards the end of July the proprietor was puzzled to receive a brief note from Sealand Tours to say that it was awaiting a receipt for the money sent in settlement of the account, which had been sent "by post" three weeks previously.

He promptly wrote to protest that he had received nothing at all in respect of his account, and on August 3 received a letter from Sealand Tours as follows:

"As we have now ascertained where the cash sent to you has gone, we shall be glad if you will forward a new bill, when the amount due will be settled. Apologies for delay."

The account in question was resubmitted in accordance with this request.

A further period of waiting followed, and then Mr. F. L. Watson wrote a personal letter to say that he felt very distressed that the money had not been sent off. The omission he now attributed to "trouble with some of my groups."

He declared, however, that he would hold himself responsible for the account and enclosed a cheque for £20 to inspire "confidence."

At the same time, he asked the hotel proprietor to hold up the cheque until he received further instructions, as there were not sufficient funds at his bank to meet it.

In conclusion, Mr. Watson pointed out that he had changed his address again and was now with the Regina Company, 368, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

Though this was not altogether satisfactory, the hotel proprietor felt that it was better than nothing, and accordingly contained himself in patience a little longer.

Eventually, however, hearing nothing more, he endeavoured to put the cheque through. It was not met, so he turned to us for advice.

Strange headquarters

We are afraid that we can tell him nothing that offers anything in the way of encouragement.

To begin with, Sealand Tours does not appear to figure in the register of business names at Somerset House,

Lord Ebbisborough, President of the Hotels and Restaurants Association, which should blacklist Mr. Watson

and as the impressive notepaper omits to give the name of any principal, the Registrar will doubtless take some action on this account.

But that is not all.

The premises at York Road which were so glibly referred to as "larger" and "more central" are occupied by a tobacconist, who states that Sealand Tours merely arranged to use his shop as an accommodation address for the receipt of letters.

And what of Mr. Watson's new address in Gray's Inn Road?

This, we find, is another tobacconist's shop where letters may be called for, and up to the moment the Regina Company has not been registered at Somerset House.

That a company should be able to operate on the above lines from accommodation addresses is certainly a matter which should claim the attention of the authorities, and meanwhile hotel and travel officials would be well advised to place Sealand Tours on their black lists.

Two GHOSTS *in a* QUEUE

Genuinely Seeking Death

A FEW hours after Herbert William Millard received a letter from the Ministry of Labour to the effect that his benefit was suspended on the grounds that he "was not genuinely seeking work," he silently left his home at 44, Ethelred Street, Lambeth, S.E., and threw himself into the River Thames.

Millard had been twenty-two weeks out of a job after fifteen years in regular employment as a saw-mill machinist, during which time he had contributed to both the unemployment and the National Health Insurance funds. He had celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday.

Sorry story

That is the shameful story we have to tell, and an enquiry into the conditions under which he sought for work is a far more sorry tale.

Just previous to last Christmas this poor man was taken ill with rheumatism and influenza, and was forced to stay away from his job.

When he returned he found that his employers had not unnaturally filled his post and he thereafter drew the "dole" for a time until they found him a job as a labourer.

Ominous stamp

But this, unfortunately, lasted only a brief nine weeks and at the end of that time he once more registered with the unemployed at the Walworth Road Exchange and got busy looking for something to do.

And then in August he visited the bureau one Friday, only to find that the slender pittance of 17s. was not forthcoming, and he was told that he must go before a committee, who would decide whether or not he would be able to continue to receive it.

It was not long before he heard the result. Apparently all his efforts to convince the Walworth Road officials that he had sought for work were unavailing. The letter from the Ministry of Labour bore the red stamp, "Not genuinely seeking work!" There is no more to say.

A day or two later his body was found by lightermen beneath Waterloo Bridge, and the coroner at the inquest gave the verdict of "Suicide whilst of unsound mind."

It is not the first occasion that such a thing has occurred in South London.

Arthur Passey, of 35, St. Gabriel Street, Southwark, committed suicide in July, 1925, after he had been refused both the "dole" and relief from the local board of guardians.

Colonel Harry Day, M.P., asked a question in the House regarding the matter in the following September.

Striking figures

Three years have passed since then, but we fail to discover any signs of improvement. In June, 1928, there were 4,743 men, 122 boys, 1,381 women and ninety-five girls receiving unemployment benefit from the Walworth Road Exchange alone. Not less than 175 people were refused.

And we must not be led to believe that when a person ceases to draw the "dole" that he also ceases to be an expense to anybody—saving in the two instances we cite above.

In May, 1928, there were over 3,000 residents of Southwark in workhouse, asylum or in hospital, and over 9,000 receiving out-relief. The same sorry story, with only a difference of a thousand or two either way, could be told of Lambeth or Bermondsey.

Hopeless task

This, then, is the competition which Herbert William Millard was expected to face and obtain a job despite it. His fifty-eight years were not considered when he went before the committee who would decide whether or not he should draw 17s. a week while he was seeking work.

Some day the authorities will awaken to the fact that a photograph of the new bridge it is proposed to erect over the Thames instead of the present Lambeth Bridge has been in the Houses of Parliament since 1914, and in the meantime the Walworth Road Employment Exchange is haunted by the ghosts of Millard and Passey, who died because they were refused the "dole."

Two Mystery Letters in a

SAVINGS FUND FRAUD

Man who Stole the Sun

A NUMBER of pathetic enquiries have lately reached us from men and women in the East End of London who have been robbed in a particularly heartless fashion by a dapper young person who has posed among them as a philanthropist and guide.

Their plight is all the more desperate because many of them have to work very hard in order to make both ends meet.

The man responsible for their troubles is Hyman Cohen, who, for reasons of his own, preferred to pass as Hyman Ephearn, a name in which he also conducted a tailoring business at 279, Cambridge Road, Stepney.

Some time ago Ephearn started a concern called the P.D. Social and Touring Club, which had as its avowed object the encouragement of thrift to enable people to save for holidays, etc.

Novel idea

We have been unable to discover what was implied by the initials "P.D.," but, in view of the present plight of the luckless members, they might aptly be interpreted as standing for "Poor Devils"!

Ephearn's idea in starting this club was extremely novel, and if he had conducted it properly it might have prospered.

He saw to it that his scheme was well advertised throughout the poorer districts of the East End, and as accounts could be opened from a penny upwards, even people in the most straitened circumstances were attracted.

The idea was that accounts opened with one penny should be built up by increasing each subsequent weekly payment by an additional penny. Thus, the second payment would be twopence, the third threepence, and so on.

There was no limit, however, to the initial deposit, and members could start with as many penny shares as they liked so long as they kept increasing the weekly payments on a proportionate scale.

A person starting with twelve penny shares would thus have to pay in 2s. the second week, then 3s., then 4s., so that at the end of one month a sum of 10s. would have been accumulated.

Deliberate concealment

At first everything went with a swing, but about a year ago, when Ephearn's first day of reckoning came, he had considerable difficulty in finding the money.

He only succeeded in weathering the storm, in fact, by persuading several members to "reinvest" their accumulated savings for a second period.

As an inducement, he promised generous rates of interest on the second period accounts, deliberately concealing the fact that he had never recovered from the difficulties that enmeshed him at the close of the first year's transactions.

Yet, week by week, he went on taking the increased deposits from the club's members, while matters went steadily from bad to worse.

And, though the unsuspecting members did not know it, he was helping himself liberally to their money.

When the second day of reckoning came round the position was so involved that there was no hope of weathering a second storm or of hiding the truth any longer.

Sir George Stuart Robertson, K.C., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies

Knowing better than anyone else that a crash was inevitable, Ephearn thought only of his own skin and decided to leave the tangled affairs of his precious scheme to look after themselves.

On the eve of the holiday season, when the thrifty members were eagerly looking forward to drawing their savings, Ephearn disappeared from his home in Anthony Street, Stepney, and abandoned his tailoring business in Cambridge Road.

Hard-hit depositors

The state of his finances can be gauged from the fact that business creditors have been besieging the latter premises ever since!

Hundreds of pounds are involved in this "penny bank" fiasco and some of the depositors have been very hard hit. One is a young woman who had just been discharged from hospital after a long and serious illness, and who badly needed a change of air.

She originally joined the club with her fiancé in 1927 and their accounts entitled them jointly to £15. In common with countless other members they have lost every penny!

Many complaints have been lodged with the police, and although a warrant has been issued for his arrest for fraudulently converting the club funds to his own uses, he has so far contrived to elude arrest.

One grave aspect of this scandal lies in the fact that the P.D. Social and Touring Club was not registered anywhere, and that Ephearn had a free hand to run his bank to bankruptcy without committee, without proper books and without being held responsible to a soul!

Is it not time that legislation was framed to enable the Registrar of Friendly Societies to control all such undertakings?

The Crook with

A PHANTOM CAR

ERIC—or Diddle by Diddle

A SUN-BURNED gentleman of about thirty-six, who gave the name of Eric Mason, recently presented himself at a boarding establishment in Canterbury, and stated that he required apartments for a few days.

He was very smartly attired in motoring kit, and volunteered the information that he was employed as a chauffeur by a gentleman of independent means who was at present making a protracted holiday-tour of the country.

After he had been allotted a room, he grew more confiding. He was very enthusiastic about the post he was privileged to hold, and spoke highly of his employer, a retired military officer, whom he referred to as Major Blake.

Talkative and cultured

The latter, he went on, was particularly interested in historic towns and cities, and as he boasted a luxurious car, he was able to travel in great comfort.

The talkative chauffeur declared that his job was one long holiday, and all his expenses were met by his employer. Then, again, it was a healthy life, as his sun-burned countenance testified.

Major Blake, he declared, had put up at the best hotel in the city, and had intimated that he would linger there for a day or two, to enjoy the old-world surroundings to the full. The car was garaged, and so the chauffeur was free to do much as he liked for the time being.

The boarding-house proprietor liked his new guest, who was the personification of neatness, and who conversed in cultured tones upon many interesting topics.

Before accepting his present employment, Mr. Mason, it seems, had been in the Merchant Service and this fact was borne out by the well-informed manner in which he discussed both the lighter and more serious sides of seafaring life.

A night's haul

Partaking of the best, Eric enjoyed a good night's rest at the boarding-house, and went out shortly after breakfast, leaving word that he was going to stroll round to the hotel to get the major's instructions for the day.

As he had not returned by nightfall, the proprietor of the boarding-house decided that it would be advisable to get into touch with the hotel where Major Blake was supposed to be staying.

His worst fears were confirmed, for the hotel management could only tell him that no one of the name of Blake was staying there, and that no chauffeur named Eric Mason was known at the hotel garage.

Eric's little prank of spinning fairy stories to his host might not have been so serious had it represented the sum total of his operations.

But the unpaid bill was a mere drop in the ocean, for later investigation revealed the fact that, in the silent watches of the night, the engaging young fellow had carefully ransacked the private apartments of the owner and had enriched himself by a gold watch and chain, several rings and other valuables, with loose cash into the bargain.

Same old story

Within a day or so of this Canterbury coup, Mason obtained apartments at a small hotel at Uckfield, where he recounted much the same sort of story.

This time, however, he referred to his employer as a specialist from Oxford University, who had motored down to spend a brief holiday with a local doctor.

In this escapade he passed as "Norman Nixon," and, after securing free board and lodging as in the previous case, left in the morning for the ostensible purpose of going to the doctor's garage to get the car ready for a spin.

Of course, he did not return, and, when enquiries were made, he had made good his escape with £5 in notes, some loose silver, and, amongst other things, several articles of jewellery.

Eastbourne and Brighton saw him next, where, in the names of Crowhurst, Mason and Sinclair, he succeeded in victimising several hotels that he visited for one night only.

He told similar stories in each case, referring to his employer as a doctor. And each time he contrived to make off with valuable booty in the form of jewellery and cash.

The only respect in which his stories can be said to be truthful is that he is certainly "touring the country," and having a "most enjoyable time" in the process.

Favouring Worthing with a visit, he changed his tale by making his employer a sea captain, home on leave. He did not change his methods, however, for he soon took "French leave" himself with the contents of the hotel till to sustain him on his further wanderings.

Slick methods

Although he does not drive a car he gets about pretty quickly and complaints are now being made about him in all parts of the country.

In addition to the aliases already mentioned, he has passed by the names of Cartwright, Belmore, Wymark, and Walker.

His real name, though, is Leslie Carnac, and he is a super-scoundrel who specialises in all frauds "on the road," and who, despite several terms of imprisonment, shows no sign of reformation.

He has as many wiles as freckles, and people everywhere should be on their guard against him.

CITY MAN'S SECRET SWINDLES

Hot Stuff in Coleman Street

WHERE IS NORMAN WARD?

THE ease with which an individual can appear from nowhere, open an office, and impose upon people under the cloak of what purports to be a flourishing business, is aptly illustrated by the recent operations of an enterprising person named Norman Ward.

Just prior to last Christmas Mr. Norman Ward established himself in nicely situated offices in Coleman Street, London, E.C., and, boldly describing himself as a "stock and share broker," commenced business as the leading light of a concern called the Corporation of British Investors.

Such a high-sounding name, coupled as it was with one of the most important commercial streets in the City of London, looked extremely impressive on business notepaper.

By such means, and with the additional aid of ingenious printed matter, got up to suggest that Mr. Norman Ward dealt only in gilt-edged stock, a number of would-be investors were soon attracted.

Looking after himself

Mr. Norman Ward urged the public to accept his guidance if it wished to pick up some amazingly profitable shares at cheap prices; and in this he was further backed up by "write-ups" in a bogus financial paper entitled the *Financial Star*.

But fortune-hunters were destined to fare very badly by following the advice of Mr. Norman Ward, who was really using the Corporation of British Investors as a medium for making a rapid fortune for himself.

The experience of one of his victims, a gentleman named Gyles, will speak for itself.

Receiving a copy of the *Financial Star*, and accepting it on its face value as a reputable financial newspaper, he allowed himself to be swayed by all the nice things it said about the Corporation of British Investors, and decided to become a member.

Inviting proposition

His application had no sooner been received than Mr. Gyles was favoured with a visit from a person named Alec Ward, who introduced himself as the great Norman's nephew.

Armed with a letter of introduction from his so-called uncle, and producing documents of a seemingly genuine nature, the visitor proceeded to outline an inviting proposition.

The Corporation of British Investors, it appeared, had started a scheme whereby members could purchase for 25s. certain shares that would soon be sold publicly for 35s.!

Mr. Gyles was finally induced to hand over a cheque for a sum in the neighbourhood of £700, with securities in addition to the value of nearly £300, on the understanding that he was to be granted the above-mentioned privileges.

After the visitor had departed, however, Mr. Gyles began to feel a little apprehensive, and stopped the cheque and repudiated the authority he had given for the disposal of the securities.

Mr. Norman Ward was too clever to be baulked so easily, and the same agent simply paid a second visit to Mr. Gyles at his country residence to talk over the matter.

The result was that the investor was soon led to believe that his fears had been groundless and that the proposition was a perfectly sound one. So, reconsidering his decision, he gave authority for his cheque to be met and the securities to be sold!

The weeks passed by, and with the lapse of time came the realisation that the glowing stories which had seemed so plausible were really like those of Hans Andersen.

Mr. Gyles demanded the return of his £1,000, and, on the advice of his solicitors, brought an action against Mr. Norman Ward in the High Court on the ground that the money had been obtained by methods that were grossly fraudulent.

Mr. Norman Ward pretended that he was going to contest this claim, but he finally let the proceedings go by default, with the result that Mr. Gyles was awarded judgment with costs.

Though this legal verdict was significant confirmation of the swindling methods of Mr. Norman Ward and his precious Corporation of British Investors, it unfortunately brought Mr. Gyles no nearer to the recovery of his money.

Worthless stock

All efforts to compel Mr. Norman Ward to honour the order of the Court proved fruitless, and in the end Mr. Gyles authorised his solicitors to file a petition in bankruptcy against the defaulting "stock and share broker."

Lt.-Col. H. S. Turnbull, Chief of the City Police

What, then, is the position to-day? We regret to say that Mr. Norman Ward has rounded off his fraudulent operations by silently disappearing into obscurity with his booty.

And in obscurity he remains!

He cannot be found at his Coleman Street offices nor at his private flat in Jermyn Street, or in any of his former haunts.

Even the solicitors who previously acted for him regret, on enquiry, that they can throw no light upon his whereabouts.

That the experience of Mr. Gyles is not an isolated one is readily apparent.

At least two other cases are known to us where people have been saddled by Mr. Norman Ward with worthless stock to the value of £900.

In these circumstances it is clearly of importance in the interests of justice that no efforts should be spared to run this missing "stock-broker" to earth.

A BATCH of SCOUNDRELS

Shameful Leniency

CRIMINAL offences against children and young girls are becoming deplorably frequent. The punishment accorded is far and away too lenient to prove a deterrent for this kind of crime. Here are some typical cases culled from current records.

In the first of these, Frederick Percy Dawe, a labourer, eighteen, of Higher Lux Street, Liskeard, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment for a serious offence against a girl of twelve.

Another young ruffian, Alfred Bolton, nineteen years of age, a caravan-dweller, was charged at Canterbury with a serious offence against a child of seven.

Feeble excuse

His plea that he was drunk seems but little excuse, particularly in view of the fact that Bolton was sober enough to resist arrest with considerable violence.

The Bench, while expressing the opinion that young girls must be protected, passed the trivial sentence of two months' hard labour.

At Ramsgate, William Johnson, of Nowington, an old man of seventy-one, pleaded guilty to a serious offence against a six-year-old girl.

After a relative had stated that Johnson had always borne a good character in the North of England, the case was supposed to be met by a sentence of one month's imprisonment in the second division.

Terrible quartette

But surely one of the most revolting cases ever before a court was when four creatures unfit to be called men—Alfred Ernest Jackson, Taylor Street; Robert Lewis, Bentinck Street; William Greenall, Junction Lane; and Robert Travis, Marsland Street, St. Helens—were each fined £2 for assaulting a girl of fifteen on waste land at Parr.

If any child can be ruined for life with no greater cost to the ruffians who perpetrate this kind of outrage, then God help the mothers of our land.

The WOMAN PAYS

Not "Legally" *Destitute*

MRS. E. LISTER, of Sheffield, is in a most unhappy position, yet no one to whom she turns for help seems disposed to do anything for her.

Her troubles began last month, when her husband was arrested as an Army deserter, and she was left to fend for herself and her four-months-old child as best she could.

The arrest of her husband came as a great shock, for she had married him after his desertion from the Army in 1926 and was unaware that he was wanted by the military authorities.

Absolutely destitute

Mr. Lister is now serving a term of imprisonment as a result of his folly, but as he married while a deserter, and while under the age of twenty-six, which is the age recognised by the military authorities, his wife cannot be accepted on the married strength of his regiment.

Being absolutely destitute and having the additional care of a young baby on her hands, Mrs. Lister applied to the military authorities for advice.

Bitter reflection

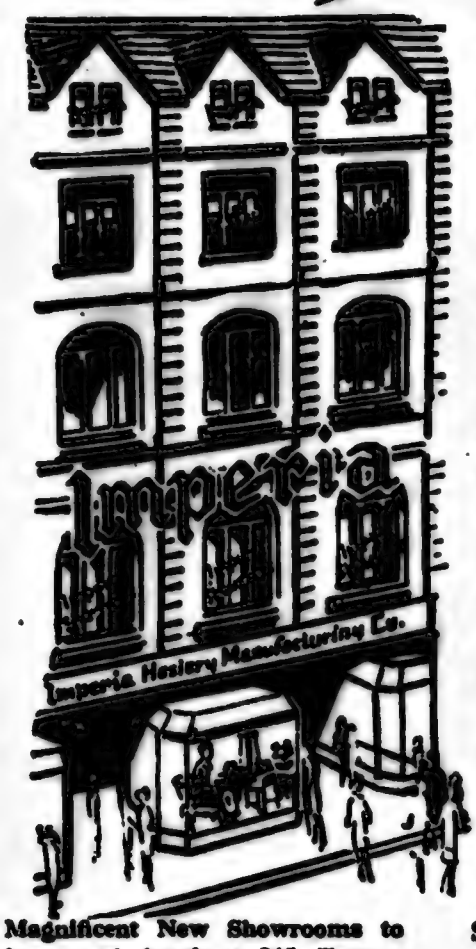
They pointed out that it would be some considerable time before her husband could make any allowance in view of his indebtedness to the Government for deficiencies in clothing.

In desperation Mrs. Lister turned to the Sheffield Guardians, but the latter voiced the opinion that "no legal destitution" existed!

We are afraid that we do not appreciate the difference between "legal" and "illegal" destitution, but the veriest child could grasp the fact that Mrs. Lister is at the present time destitute through no fault of her own.

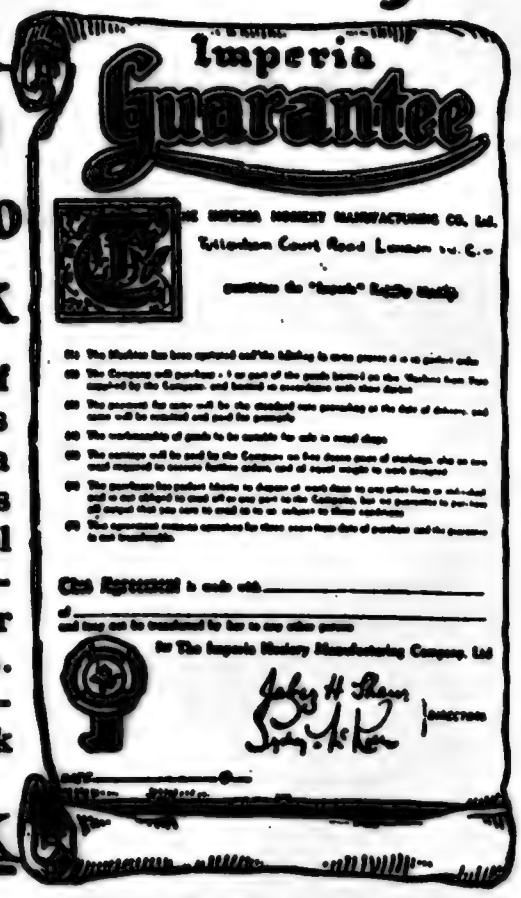
It is bitter to reflect, too, that the real offender, though undergoing detention, is being housed, clothed and fed by the same authorities who will do nothing for his suffering wife and child!

Would you like to earn more money?



The Imperia Home-work scheme is your easy way to turn spare minutes into cash. No worry, No risk

Week by week the huge number increases of happy folk who are adding to their incomes as a result of taking advantage of the Imperia Home-work Plan. Our mutual success has been so great that we have to take additional premises for our Central Offices and Showrooms in order to cope with the demand for our knitters and the work of our customers. Now at the beginning of a boom in Imperia-knitted wear, is the time to join in the good work



We buy *your* work

Magnificent New Showrooms to be opened shortly at 245, Tottenham Court Road, near Oxford Street, London. Watch for further announcement, meantime call at the address below or post the Coupon for Big Free Illustrated Book.

So beautifully does the Imperia Knitter make all kinds of socks, jumpers, scarves, underwear, etc., of wool, silk and artificial silk, that it is easy to build up a valuable connection with regular customers in your district. But you do not have to wait for this before you start earning. We will buy all the work you can do for us and pay the best prices for it.

This is the Imperia Guarantee that assures you a regular income from your Knitter. It removes all doubts about disposing of your work profitably and enables you to start earning at once.

Our business has been built on the success of others

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A Fleet in Peril

Fine Fellows Forgotten

By SIR ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, Bart., C.M.G., M.P.

THE Government has decided that productive industry needs relief from the burden of rates. Agriculture is to be helped, coal, iron and steel, cotton, wool, shipbuilding—all the great productive industries of the country are to be helped.

All except one; and this Cinderella of the British industries is the oldest, and played perhaps the greatest part of any, and made the heaviest sacrifices in the war. It is the one which still constitutes an indispensable element in our sea defences against invasion and starvation; one which, in time of peace, supplies the people with one of its most nourishing and cheapest articles of diet and one in which wages are lowest.

Alone among productive British industries, the fishing industry is to get no help.

Before the war, in 1913, there were 33,823 fishermen employed in the industry. Their numbers have fallen by scores and hundreds until last year there were only 25,677. The number of boats employed in the fishing industry has declined from 8,512 in 1913 to 6,399 in 1926.

To some extent this is due to the substitution of larger petrol and steam vessels for the old-fashioned sailing vessels, but there has been no corresponding increase in the number of steam- and petrol-driven vessels, but, on the whole, during the past five or six years, a decline.

Erroneous impression

There is a popular impression that the greatest number of fishermen are employed in trawlers, but it is completely erroneous.

Out of 25,677 fishermen employed during 1927 only 3,103 were employed in trawlers, the remainder being employed in the herring-fishing, white-fishing and shell-fishing industries, and in addition to the fishermen employed in the herring-fishing industry there were 10,318 women engaged in gutting and packing.

These men and women are not only the backbone of the fishing industry, but they constitute the finest source of recruitment for the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine.

There is no more invaluable element in our national life than these brave, independent, God-fearing fishermen, and the welfare of the industry upon which their existence depends should be a matter of national concern.

Apart from the steam trawlers, the vast majority of the fishing-boats and of the gear belong wholly or partly to the fishermen themselves—that is to say, they do not work for wages, but for a share in the profits.

Besides the share fishermen, there are on the ordinary fishing-boat two hired hands, the cook and the fireman or the engineer. Their wages are paid as part of the gross outgoings of the enterprise, and when all these outgoings have been met the net profits are divided into three equal shares.

Disgraceful return

The first of these shares is called the labour share, and is divided among the whole of the crew; the next share is that of the nets, and is divided proportionately among the owners of the nets; and the third share is that of the boat itself, and is similarly divided among the owners of the boat in proportion to their respective shares.

Owing to a succession of disastrous seasons the number of fishermen who can afford to have a share in the boat or even in the nets, has been declining, and the great majority have to subsist on the profits of the labour share alone.

According to the official calculations of the Fishery Board for Scotland of the actual earnings of the men in 1926, a man who had a labour share earned for eight weeks of the winter fishing only £5 10s. on the average for the whole of that season, or 14s. a week.

At the summer fishing the average earnings were £25, or less than £2 a week. The autumn fishing was only £2 for the whole season, or less than 5s. a week. The total average earnings of a man with a labour share were £32 or £33 for twenty-eight weeks' work.

The fisherman whose earnings for 1926 amounted to as much as £1 a week was exceptionally fortunate!

Government's refusal

The fishermen live in communities scattered all around the coasts; they have no opportunity of combination or of bringing political pressure to bear upon the Government; the measures which successive Governments have adopted to help other industries, whether they be good or bad, have no application to the fishing industry.

For example, there are few industries which suffer more severely from foreign competition than the fishing industry; yet safeguarding is of no use to it, for no Government of any political complexion can possibly apply safeguarding to a food-producing industry.

Recently the Government has taken steps to bring the "share" fishermen nominally within the health insurance and widows and orphans and old-age pensions schemes, but it refused to adopt the only possible methods which were proposed to help the fishermen, out of their exiguous earnings, to keep up their contributions.

Lastly, come the rating proposals of the Government. Here, again, no help is offered to the fishing industry except, indeed, such a modest degree of assistance as may be obtained by the fish-curing branch of the industry; and it is even doubtful whether the scheme will not impose additional burdens on the industry, as the provision originally announced, whereby fishermen would not have to pay the petrol-tax on the petrol used in their motor-boats, has since been withdrawn.

Cold comfort

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has, however, announced that he hopes to be able to revert to his original proposal when the report stage of the Finance Bill is under discussion.

Nearly five years ago the Prime Minister, writing to the Unionist candidate of that day for East Aberdeenshire, declared:

"I fully realise the unfortunate position of the fishing industry on the east and north coasts of Scotland. It is the Government's intention to consider how assistance can best be given as the kernel of our policy at present is the abnormal unemployment in the country."

And four and a half years later, speaking in Scotland a few weeks ago, the only comfort which he could bring to the fishermen was:

"All I can say to them is that my friends in Scotland are studying with great care and sympathy this most difficult problem. It is being studied sympathetically and with all the consideration that we can give to it."

The fishermen will, no doubt, be duly grateful for these assurances, but they are hoping that the time is approaching when the Government will pass from sympathy into the realm of action.

The first need of the fishing industry is to reopen the Russian market. The report of the Fishery Board for Scotland of 1925 puts the case in a nutshell when it says:

"A revival of the Continental markets for these goods, and particularly that of Soviet Russia, is needed to place the Scottish herring fishery once more on a sound financial basis. . . . Until the markets in Soviet Russia can absorb cured herrings freely, there appears little prospect of the industry regaining its pre-war position."

Sir Archibald Sinclair, Bart., C.M.G., M.P.

Practical help

The next need is to reduce the heavy overhead charges of the industry. This can only be achieved by designing a craft which will be more efficient and cheaper to run than the existing drifters and motor-boats.

The Government should help in this and use the scientific plant normally employed in designing ships of war for experiments with a view to discovering the best type or types of vessel.

Meanwhile the existing fleet of drifters is rapidly wearing out. Eighty-two per cent. consists of vessels built prior to the war, and 41 per cent. of vessels built more than twenty years ago.

The financial condition of the industry has made it impossible to set aside from earnings a sum sufficient to provide for replacements, and, therefore, having ascertained the best type of vessel to build, the next step would be to give credits to the fishermen to enable them to replace their present obsolete and expensive vessels.

Credits are also needed to enable fishermen to replace their lost and damaged gear. The last report of the Scottish Fishery Board draws attention to the serious reduction in the number of drift nets and observes that the conditions which prevent the construction of new drifters operate equally to prevent the replacement of lost and worn-out gear.

Matter of urgency

There are a number of other means which ought to be adopted to help the fishing industry, such as the repair and improvement of harbours, the more adequate protection of the inshore fishing-grounds against illegal trawling, the opening up of new markets both at home and abroad, and the improvement of marketing methods.

No body of men and women deserves better of their fellow-citizens than the fishing community. No industry stands in greater need than theirs of well-considered measures of assistance to enable them to place it on a firm and unassailable economic foundation.

The decay of the fishing industry, like that of agriculture, is one of the most disquieting tendencies in our economic and social life. The revival of these great basic industries and the regeneration of the British countryside are among the most urgent tasks of statesmanship.

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PAIR of long NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS, or TWO PAIRS of lovely CASEMENT CURTAINS.
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Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY, K.G., Londonderry House, Park Lane, W.

My Lord,—Notices served on 2,700 miners at your Seaham colliery have been withdrawn by yourself, pending business rearrangements to improve the position of the company. This step, made out of humane consideration for the employees, has meant considerable personal sacrifice to yourself. If all your fellow legislators and fellow captains of industry had the same good heart in facing our labour problems, these would be solved. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD CUSHENDUN, Cadogan Place, S.W.

My Lord,—From the recent speech of M. Briand to the League Assembly, it appears that the evacuation of the Rhineland is still a matter for consideration. Why not help the matter forward by telling France plainly that the people of this country are determined that our troops shall be recalled home without further delay? A Germany trusted will be far less dangerous than a Germany bullied and cowed. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Minister of Health.

Dear Sir,—"Surely," a representative of your Ministry is reported to have remarked, "the threatened national milk shortage is the affair of the Ministry of Agriculture. We are doing nothing in the matter." This confession that the welfare and lives of little children are no concern of the Ministry of Health would be staggering were we not so accustomed to the heartless and soulless imbecility of Government Departments.
John Bull.

To Dr. CYRIL NORWOOD, M.A., Headmaster, Harrow.

Dear Sir,—Your condemnation of the system of education the chief aim of which is the passing of examinations should go far to scotch an evil which is working untold mischief. Cramming defeats its own ends. It gives a distaste for learning instead of inculcating the desire for improvement which is the only sound basis for citizenship. John Bull.

To Mr. A. K. MOWLL, Canterbury.

Dear Sir,—It is no unusual thing for coroners to exceed their duties in the comments they make to witnesses at inquests, but you went further when you stated to a woman juror that you did not think it desirable for a woman to serve at all, and told her that had you known in time she would not have been called. This differentiation between the sexes was always nonsensical. Since the passing of the equal Franchise Bill it is also insulting. John Bull.

To Mr. IVAN E. SNELL, Magistrate, North London.

Dear Sir,—While it may sometimes be wise to suppress the names of people in blackmailing charges, I agree that this is an expedient which must not be abused. The essence of British justice is publicity, and it will be a sad day if ever our courts are allowed to be conducted under a cloak of secrecy. John Bull.

To Mr. J. V. RANK, President National Assoc. British and Irish Millers.

Dear Sir,—Your heated defence of flour prices proves that, after all, there must be some ground for the Government criticism of food prices that you attack. Evidently you are well aware that dear food is helping to keep the people poor and have never heard the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush." John Bull.

To the EXECUTIVE, National Association of Labour Teachers.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—Though many of the proposals embodied in the Board of Education pamphlet, "The New Prospect in Education," meet with your approval, you rightly hold that a scheme which admits of the teaching of over a million children in classes of fifty and upwards and three million in classes of over forty is foredoomed to failure. True; mass instruction spells individual destruction. John Bull.

To Mr. C. B. READ, Louth Board of Guardians.

Sir,—When a woman member of your board criticised the accommodation provided for vagrants, your reply that "the men who occupied the wards were very little better than animals and they were not worthy of anything better" must have struck coldly at the hearts of your one-time electors. If they have a spark of humanity left they will remember your words when next polling-day comes round. John Bull.

To the PRESIDENT, Greenock Sheriff Court.

Sir,—I hope your sleep was disturbed after sending to prison for sixty days Sarah Ann Lamb for "defrauding" the parish council. This aged woman had six sons in the war and one was killed, on whose account she drew a small pension. I cannot believe that she knew she was doing wrong in not mentioning the fact; besides, how could she live on 5s. a week? Ask yourself how you would like your own mother to try it. John Bull.

To the BOROUGH COUNCIL, Fulham.

Gentlemen,—"High-handed" was the term employed by the West London magistrate to describe your treatment of Arthur Bush, who, although he has sold newspapers outside Baron's Court Station for fourteen years, has now been warned off the pitch. To prevent a hard-working, honest man from earning his living is as absurd as it is cruel. John Bull.

To Mr. J. W. DEXTER, Staines, Middlesex.

Dear Sir,—It is extremely interesting to read your perfervid assurances that chemicals are no longer used in the bleaching of flour. It would be even more interesting to know how, if this is the fact, you account for the prevalence of skin disease amongst bakers, and how you explain away the resolution bakers' operatives have tabled against it. John Bull.

To GORDON THORNE, Southfields.

Dear Gordon,—It is excellent that at fifteen years of age you are able to play through a church service with distinction and improvise voluntaries that induce people to linger long to listen. May you go on into the front rank of distinguished musicians. Your hope to win a scholarship is one I should like to see emulated by every youth. If they themselves are keen, educational authorities will be bound to provide facilities. John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Lord Cushendun:—"It is impossible to overestimate the importance of disarmament."

Fine words; but get on with the job.

• • •

Arthur Henderson, M.P.:—"The stage is set for the most momentous General Election in the country's history."

And the most disastrous or most hopeful as electors do, or do not, wake up.

• • •

Mr. Maxton:—"Freedom from poverty can only be obtained by the organised struggle of the workers themselves."

Freedom from poverty can be obtained by brains and hard work whenever the workers have wit enough to choose the right leaders.

• • •

Rev. Alexander Sharpe:—"He who would reduce the Navy to impotency is no friend of Christianity."

Which proves what a long way Christianity has travelled from Christ.

'SAFE-GUARDING IS NOT PROTECTION, SAFE-GUARDING IS NOT PROTECTION, ETC. ETC.'
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The Truth About Things—by the Editor

GIVE HIM the RIGHT-ABOUT!

Trifling with Terrific Issues

A CHALLENGE TO CHEESEPARERS

THE general debate at Geneva upon the report of the year's work of the League of Nations was a notable occasion. A remarkable spirit was shown. It was not, as in the early days, a spirit of doubt and diffidence. It was the spirit of eager willingness to press home the main business of the League, the practical preservation of world peace.

This work goes on unceasingly. At least three Balkan wars have been prevented by the League since it started work. It has put Austria on her feet and reconstructed Hungary.

Both of these countries were brought by the war to the verge of bankruptcy and revolution. But for the League's intervention in the matter of budget-making and the stabilisation of currencies we should by now have had another European war well on the way.

The League is still busy suppressing the vile traffic in women. It is controlling the trade in opium and dangerous drugs. It is improving labour conditions all over the world. It has ensured an agreement being reached between Peru and Chile, where diplomatic relations are to be resumed.

SO the story of League intervention, pacification and help went on. It is of supreme interest to every man and woman in this country.

Peru and Chile seem far away, but it is well to remember that the match which lit the last war was struck in a corner of the Balkans. That is why hope rises renewed at the general tone of the speeches on the year's work at Geneva. Of course, there were odd phrases in other speeches in which traces of another spirit could be discovered.

Some were uttered carelessly. M. Briand has publicly deprecated the exaggerating of one such phrase in his own speech. The wickedness of such exaggeration at this moment of history needs no emphasis. What should concern us is the contribution made by our own delegate, Mr. Locker-Lampson, when it came to the question of paying for all this good work.

Mr. Locker-Lampson appealed for a reduction of the budget by £40,000, and suggested its return to the supervising committee for further study. In vain the Secretary-General pointed out the smallness of the budget in relation to the work done. In vain he urged the terrific cost to every country if the disputes settled had not been settled, but had become acute.

MR. LOCKER-LAMPSON felt that a fresh and really determined effort should be made to reduce expenditure. He suggested how. A niggling £8,000 here, and another there, etc.

These cheap attempts to brake the wheels of progress must be stopped. The British people must speak out. The people of every country *would* speak out if they were allowed to know more of the facts. They do not know because it costs too much to tell them. And it will always cost too much while we allow cheeseparing such as Mr. Locker-Lampson suggests to go unchallenged.

The world spends over £600,000,000 each year on armaments. It spends less than £1,000,000 on the League of Nations. The cost to this country is less than one-tenth of a farthing out of every pound we pay in taxes. We spend millions every time we build a battleship. In a month or two we shall be invited to spend millions more to increase the Air Force.

If we like the prospect of preparing for being bombed to blazes from the air, let us acquiesce. If not, we shall see the League of Nations adequately financed and give men who talk like Mr. Locker-Lampson the right-about.

The Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, M.P., Under Secretary, Foreign Office, whose misguided efforts for economy at Geneva we deprecate

PAWNS and PLANKS

Barefaced Window-Dressing

THE scandal of Government inaction in face of the rising tide of unemployment is ending. It is being replaced by feverish activity, provoked by the nearness of a General Election. We say this because, had removal of human suffering been the chief cause, the miners' children would not have had to wait until actual disease from malnutrition set in before the Ministry of Health could be induced to give a few ungracious grants for school feeding.

Quite clearly, by hook or crook, the Government is determined to reduce unemployment—on paper at any rate—before it faces the country to appeal for its suffrages.

Mr. Baldwin's frantic appeal to individual employers was one step; the sending out of men to Canada as temporary harvesters another. Of the results of that move it is too early to speak. Labour leaders themselves advise caution. Some men appear satisfied; some do not. Others are coming back.

One man writes: "It is a huge scandal. There are hundreds stranded in Winnipeg. The farmers won't pay the money promised." Even if farmers did, and everything went according to scale, there would be misfits. It is impossible to emigrate men *en masse* and not have the road strewn with tragedies.

Now, without so much as waiting for this harvest emigration to pass the experimental stage, plans are going forward for a new mass emigration. It is to be planned on a colossal scale.

Arrangements are being made for a meeting between Mr. Mackenzie King, the Canadian Premier, and Mr. Baldwin, to discuss a scheme for the settlement of two million British emigrants in the Dominions.

No sane man objects to emigration as a reasonable policy. The peopling of the wide and empty spaces of Canada is an inspiring theme. It is easy to picture contented settlers, the springing up of hamlet and township, the clearings filled with richly waving corn.

It is the ideal for which emigrants have always turned their backs on the Mother Country and their faces resolutely towards whatever must be faced in the new and untried land.

What we object to is dumping. It is both senseless and cruel. The emigration that realises the ideal is of necessity a slow process. It takes time for the new blood to be absorbed. It will take still longer for town-bred and workless people from these islands to readjust themselves to conditions overseas when the very keynote of existence is the hardest, most unremitting form of outdoor toil.

It cannot be done at all without the most comprehensive and competent statesmanship to set the industrial pace, organise output and find markets. And of that we see no slightest sign.

CHALLENGE

to the Scientists

SOCIAL workers in Hoxton have recently published an account of their district. They state that a population of more than 110,000 persons are crowded into an area of about a square mile. Overcrowding is terrible.

There are thousands of young people for whom life with any sort of delicacy or reticence is impossible. There are little children who have nowhere but the streets or a disused churchyard in which to play.

Yet the people are decent. Where it is possible to effect a clearance and erect a few clean flats they are appreciated. Baths are used as baths.

Unemployment is rife. The staple trade of Hoxton is furniture-making, but machines are ousting hand labour. This displacement is making it increasingly difficult to live.

The problems of Hoxton are not unique. They exist in Leeds, Birmingham, Manchester and every city in the country. We have slums in the country.

We have a dying agri-culture, instead of a fertile land intensively cultivated to meet the common, everyday needs of the people.

The slum problem and the unemployment problem, the land problem and the housing problem exist on the north of the Tweed. They exist in Glasgow, where the British Association has just met.

The most learned brains of the century are supposed to be gathered together in that assembly. Professors of every known science bring brilliant contributions to its discussions. They are even trying to create life!

Meanwhile the struggling life of to-day receives no help from all this learning towards the solution of its human problems. The slums and poverty of Glasgow are just as bad as, and worse than, when the British Association met there twenty-seven years ago.

A NURSERY for VULTURES

Millions for Slaughter

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

The Earl of Halsbury, K.C.

I WONDER how many of you have forgotten already that only a fortnight ago the Peace Pact was signed in Paris in which the Great Powers of the world renounced the use of war as an instrument of national policy. Probably once the newspapers stopped talking about it you stopped thinking about it.

It will not do to stop thinking about it, nor will it do to stop talking about it, for unless all the consequences that should follow it do follow it, it is so much waste paper.

There is only one clause in the Peace Pact that matters. This is what it says:

"The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature, or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

Now, that either means everything or it means nothing. If it means anything it is time we began straight away making sure that next time the official accounts of the Government are published we shall not be able to read anything like we read last time.

Paying for war

We spent last year, in round figures, £800,000,000, every penny of which you and I and our fellow-citizens had to find by direct or indirect taxation.

Out of every twenty shillings we paid to the Government 9s. 7¼d. went to those who lent money to the Government during the war and 1s. 7¼d. went in war pensions. 2s. 11¼d. was spent on the Army, the Navy and the Air Force in preparation for new wars.

The remainder of this 20s. was spent by allowing 1s. 3¾d. for education, 9¼d. for old-age pensions and 1¼d. for widows' and orphans' pensions. Health and housing received 6¼d., the unemployed got 5¼d., and all the other social services were allowed 2s. 8d.

That means that out of every 20s. spent last year by the Government 14s. 1¾d. was spent in paying for old wars and preparing for new ones, and only 5s. 10¼d. was spent on real national social services.

Frightful waste

If you buy a pound of tea you pay 4d. of its cost to the Government and 2¾d. of that 4d. is for the cost of war. If you buy an ounce of tobacco you have to pay a tax of 6¼d. and 4¼d. of that tax is for war. Every time you drink a pint of beer you pay 2¼d. in tax, 1¼d. of which is for the cost of past and future wars.

And so I could go on through nearly all the ordinary expenditure of an ordinary day.

What is going to happen to you unless you come to your senses and refuse to have your money wasted in this frightful fashion was shown very clearly a short time ago when an accident at Hamburg led to the escape of some poison-gas in the town. The gas escaped at the edge of the town, but a breeze sprang up and carried it away.

Had it been otherwise there might have been a tragedy on a colossal scale. As it was it was bad enough. This is what the *Times* said in its first account:

"The gas continued to move south, passing through the streets and over a tract of land much used by holiday-makers. It reached the open country, leaving a trail of victims in its wake. Its effects are stated to have been felt up to six miles away. Many cattle were overcome by it and have since had to be slaughtered.

"The danger, however, is not over, for phosgene, which is heavier than air, keeps to the ground level, and there are many pockets of gas still hanging about in the district. The best thing that could happen now would be a heavy fall of rain which would neutralise it, but a change of wind might redistribute it and produce further disaster."

Helpless populace

Later the *Times* said:

"It is realised that if the wind had been blowing from another direction and there had been no rain a very serious disaster would have occurred. The experiences of the affected area are widely described in the Press as a foretaste of the effect on civilian populations in the next war."

That is merely what a little phosgene gas could do. Speaking in the House of Lords shortly after this occurred, the Earl of Halsbury said: "Phosgene gas for purposes of war is as out of date as the blunderbuss." And he proceeded to draw a horrifying picture of what would happen if aeroplanes really came in earnest and bombed London with the modern poison-gases.

It is becoming a very serious matter indeed, for an aeroplane does not need to be an official bombing machine to be a potential weapon of war.

As Lord Halsbury very truly said: "The principal difference between civilian passenger aircraft of modern construction and the bombing machines is the cargo. You have merely got to put on a machine-gun, take out the passengers, take out the luggage and put in bombs, and you have a bomber."

Deadly menace

Any ordinary passenger machine could, with the greatest of ease, carry 2,000 pounds of poison-gas and, as the farcical air raids over London proved, scatter it with the greatest of ease.

How dangerous a thing the aeroplane has become is recognised by men of the very highest ability. Take, for instance, Thomas Edison, the great inventor.

"Neither I nor anybody of my acquaintance," he said, "has discovered any protection against the aeroplane even in its present state of development. There is in existence no means of preventing an aeroplane flotilla flying over London to-morrow and spreading over the millions of Londoners a gas which would asphyxiate these millions in a relatively short time. From twenty to thirty aeroplanes would be amply sufficient for the purpose."

Brigadier-General Groves, director of air operations for British Forces in 1918, recently said: "All gas experts are agreed that it would be impossible to devise means to protect the civil population from this form of attack."

In face of this deadly menace hanging over the people of all countries, a menace against which their own experts bluntly say there is no protection whatever, what is the sense of permitting statesmen to go on with feverish preparations for such a slaughter as the world has not yet seen?

In view of the Peace Pact, whatever the statesmen may think about it, we must disarm all over the civilised world with wholehearted intent. And as a beginning, in the name of sanity, let us forbid the manufacture and use of the aeroplane before it is too late. There are some forms of progress that are too dangerous to be allowed, and the aeroplane is one of them.

SHAMEFUL SHOP WIN

MOST people will remember that a few weeks ago the Home Secretary banned the circulation of a certain novel by Miss Radclyffe Hall. The novel dealt with a subject which before had been confined to the dry region of the scientific text-book. It had a preface by a leading authority on sex-psychology.

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary

It was published at 15s. in order to put it out of the reach of the ordinary novel-reader. The libraries and the book trade were informed of the book's "special and serious nature."

The leading literary critics spoke highly of the book. Indeed, the reviewer of our leading newspaper—the *Times*—described it as sincere, courageous, high-minded, and often beautifully expressed—and of how many of the novels of to-day can so much be said.

And Sir W. Joynson-Hicks banned it; banned it as the result of a newspaper "stunt." Sir William is peculiarly liable to be influenced by "stunts." Like a balsam-tree, he has too much top and too little root.

I am not, however, complaining of the banning, nor of the two years' work it threw on to the scrap-heap.

Possibly the banning was justified. Possibly the book ought never to have been written or, if written, published.

What I am interested in is the way in which the Home Secretary proposes to follow up his action.

Will it remain an isolated one, and, therefore, confessedly the result of pressure applied in the right place, or will he follow up his banning of a book which, whatever else may be said about it, was a serious discussion of an increasingly serious problem, by setting the police in motion against the flourishing publishers and purveyors of pornography?

THE circulation of a 15s. book is necessarily limited; the damage it may do is circumscribed; it is unlikely to fall to any extent under the eyes of the youth of either sex, and older people can usually look after themselves.

13 RINGS *for his* NOSE

Will the Leader be Led?

by A. G. GARDINER

IN a few days Mr. Baldwin will be back from his holiday to face the crisis of his career.

I hope he has done some hard thinking and some wise thinking. He will need both. At the Conservative Conference next week the battle-cry for the coming General Election will be proclaimed, and it remains to be seen whether Mr. Baldwin leads his Party or is led by it.

The conference will be dominated by one issue—Protection. Thirteen resolutions all converging on this point have been tabled, and unless Mr. Baldwin makes a bold stand the conference will be stampeded and the Election will be fought on Protection and on nothing else.

With the memory of 1923 fresh in his mind, he will no doubt hope to turn the tide of battle, but he has only one convinced Free Trader, Mr. Churchill, by his side, and against him are "Jix," Mr. Amery, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, and most of the organised forces of the Party.

If he were a strong man he would stand his ground even if it meant his retirement; but he is not a strong man and the probability is that he will be swept into the current in spite of himself. All the omens indicate that we are on the eve of another Protectionist election.

Baulking barriers

It is a strange comment on the World Economic Conference at Geneva last year. That conference, representing every great country except Russia, declared unanimously that the chief obstacle to the economic recovery of Europe was the network of trade-barriers built up between all the countries of Europe.

Those barriers were choking the currents of trade, preventing the free exchange of commodities and stereotyping depression and national hostilities. The only hope for Europe, either materially or spiritually, was in sweeping away these artificial restraints on the free economic functioning of Europe as a single unit of activity.

The same note was struck at the recent economic conference at the Guildhall.

In the face of this impressive warning Mr. Baldwin is to be urged next week to commit his Party to Protection and to invite this country to take the road which the World Economic Conference declared to be the road to ruin. Before he surrenders and plunges us once more into this tremendous controversy I ask him to weigh certain considerations.

Faked statistics

This is no question of safeguarding, of tinkering with trumpery little industries which have no relation to the vast issues at stake. Safeguarding is only a mask behind which the great movement for the overthrow of the economic structure of the country is being engineered.

It is claimed that the experiments in safeguarding have been a success, and the claim has been sustained by faked statistics. The plain, indisputable facts which can be verified from the official statistics are to the contrary.

I take the case of the seven small industries which enjoyed the safeguarding duty at the beginning of this year: lace, fabric and leather gloves, gas mantles, cutlery, wrapping paper, pottery. The exports in these industries last year *were* 11.2 *per cent. less* than in 1924, the year before any of the duties were imposed.

Not only so. The re-exports in these industries were 82.5 per cent. less in 1927 than in 1924. We have ceased to be the world market to which buyers from all countries came to buy not only our goods, but goods from everywhere.

That is one consequence of safeguarding. Another is the loss to shipping. A third the loss of insurance. But putting aside these consequent losses, the direct loss of foreign trade in safeguarded industries, comparing 1927 with 1924, is £6,255,000.

But it is no longer the paralysis of little industries which is threatened. The demands which are to be made next week involve the great

Sir Henry Page Cr ft, C.M.G., M.P., who will move the first resolution at the Conservative Conference

industries of the country and mean in effect the imposition of a general tariff.

If iron and steel and textiles are to be protected, every industry dependent on those commodities must be protected. You cannot tax the iron and steel of which machinery is made without increasing the cost of that machinery and giving it equivalent protection against competition.

Two consequences follow: (1) The home consumer pays more; (2) the increased cost excludes us from the foreign market which has been and still is the chief source of our prosperity. We live by our foreign trade.

Raising cost all round

And consider the repercussions. Take the shipbuilding trade. We are at this moment building more ships than all the rest of the world put together. But ships are made of iron and steel. Tax iron and steel and the cost of our ships goes up. We may tax foreign-built ships; but our trade in the export of ships will be lost.

Or take the case of Lancashire, already in desperate straits. How is Protection to help the cotton trade? It will raise the cost of its machinery, of its labour, of everything that it uses. There are no foreign imports of cotton goods that can be taxed, for Lancashire holds the home market unchallenged.

The only possible effect of Protection would be to so raise the cost of the production of cotton goods that the export trade, already so severely hit, will be finally destroyed. What has Mr. Baldwin to say about Lancashire?

Still more, what has he to say to the farmer? Already the farmer is nursing his wrath against a Government which promised him so much and has given him nothing.

Is Mr. Baldwin going to tell the farmer that he is going to put a tax on manufactures—that is, on everything that he buys—but is going to put no tax on anything that he sells?

The only alternative

On the other hand, is he prepared to tell the farmer that he will put an equivalent tax on foreign competition in his industry? His industry happens to be the production of food, and if relief is given to him it can only be by taxing food.

That is the point to which I beg him to give attention before he takes the plunge next week. The policy on which he is being urged to embark cannot be adopted without a tax on food. Is he prepared to face that inevitable consequence? If he is not, then he must stand firm next week. If he is, I venture to predict that the catastrophe that befell him in 1923 will be repeated when he goes to the country a few months hence.

NOWS

A Roaring Trade in Garbage

by ARNOLD FREEMAN HOLT

It is the shilling's-worth or half-crown's-worth of filth that is the danger. These books are within the reach of the young, and they reach the hands of the young, often to be smuggled into schools to be read surreptitiously with sniggers or with blushes, but in either case with eager curiosity.

THESE books may be bought in almost any town or city. They may be bought within ten minutes' walk of the Home Office itself. Not one is a serious discussion of a serious problem. In not one can be found anything of beauty, anything sincere, anything courageous, anything high-minded.

They are deliberately written in order to stimulate sexual passion. They are published and sold because it is found that filth pays, and for no other reason.

I had a list taken the other day of books openly exhibited in a shop window in London. They were mostly English translations of French pornographic novels.

They were blocks of filth bound in suggestive covers. The shop window was a disgrace to any civilised community—and it is only in a "civilised" community that such a shop is possible.

It is such shops as these and such books (and other articles exhibited in the windows which I need not particularise) which are the real threat to our adolescent youth.

Why does not the Home Secretary instruct the police to take effective action against them—and at the same time see that they carry out the instruction?

Is he waiting for another newspaper "stunt"? Is any stunt necessary before any effective move can be made against the organised and immensely lucrative trade in filth?

The law is surely as clear on the subject as it is on the subject of street-betting, yet one hears little of the one and much of the other.

NOR is the trade in filth confined to the publication and sale of pornographic novels. Picture post-cards are continually increasing in suggestiveness and downright nastiness.

Many openly exhibited in shop windows are disgusting, not in what they profess to say, but in what they are intended to suggest. Some are frankly indecent, yet there they are on show for any schoolgirl to glut her eyes upon and be contaminated in mind thereby.

When is the Home Secretary going to sting the police into action?

Jovial Health

"Last Easter I was seized with a severe chill and gastric troubles, which for several days confined me to my bed. My nurse brought a large bottle of Kruschen Salts, advising me to strictly follow instructions as to its use. I have done so, with marvellous results. It cleared stomachic acidity, broke up constipation from which I greatly suffered, also cleared away the depression that affected me. I now feel in jovial health, and am free of aches and pains that oppressed me, and I should be a fool not to continue to use Kruschen, just a tip on point of the spoon in my morning cup of tea. It may interest you to know that I am 78 years of age, therefore to me the more marvellous my restoration to good health."

GEORGE D., *W. Hove.*

28th Aug., 1928.

There in that letter you have a clear and vivid picture of the meaning of real internal cleanliness. Half humanity lives and dies ignorant of it. And half the ills and ailments flesh is heir to can be traced back to that ignorance. If only everyone were as careful of *internal* as they are of *external* cleanliness; if only everyone would realise that the "little daily dose of Kruschen" is just as important as soap and water, there would soon be no more constipation, no more sluggish livers, no more rheumatism, gout or lumbago.

You must not imagine that Epsom or Glauber Salts will do what Kruschen can. Kruschen is a combination of *six* salts, and each one is necessary to some particular organ or function of the body. Each "little daily dose" holds just the right tiny quantity of each salt to keep things going in perfect order. Just what you need to persuade your system back into a healthy condition: very gently, but very, very surely!

Kruschen Salts

"It's the little daily dose that does it."

Kruschen is a perfect blend of six natural mineral salts which we all need every day (i.) to help liver and kidneys to perform their natural duties in a natural way; (ii.) to clear away gently but completely all the poisonous waste matter that has been clogging the system; (iii.) to purify the blood. The analysis is on the bottle. There are sodium and magnesium to stimulate the organs of elimination. To feed your tissues, there's the tonic potassium. Each "little daily dose" is a full day's supply of these six vital salts; just the right amount to keep your body and mind tuned up to a pitch of real constant fitness. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. bottles. A large bottle contains 96 "daily doses"—enough to last three whole months.

Tasteless in Tea.

Sole Manufacturers: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 60, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

GENTLEMEN *I'M ASHAMED OF!*

Blood-Hungry Torturers

by The Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, M.A.

THE stag-hunting season is in full swing on Exmoor. The sport is inherently and despicably cruel, and the time has come when the British public should exert its full authority to insist that hunting the stag, in any form, be made illegal without delay.

The arguments of those who defend the pastime are scarcely worthy of consideration. I confess that stags cause damage to farmers' property. But they are not hunted in the farmers' interest. They are hunted for pleasure or amusement.

If farmers wished to be relieved from the stag's menace to their prosperity, the animals on Exmoor, as elsewhere, could be exterminated in a humane and merciful way.

There are, it is estimated, some five hundred deer on Exmoor. Skilled shots could be employed to keep the numbers down, or, if necessary, exterminate them entirely.

Dreadful cruelty

In a large area like the Highlands of Scotland between 4,000 and 5,000 deer are shot each year in the space of eight to ten weeks. I see no reason why, as certain Exmoor inhabitants maintain, their deer should be more difficult to shoot.

We are concerned with the present alternative to shooting. To hunt a terrified creature, sometimes for hours, till it is black with sweat and struggling for its breath; to compel it, in anguish, to take to the sea until the waves close over it rather than turn back and face its tormentors, or wait until the motor-boat comes out to drag it back to be slaughtered for the satisfaction of the hounds—such a sport is a survival of the times when cock-fighting and bear-baiting and all kinds of dreadful cruelties were resorted to for amusement.

I have heard stag-hunting upheld because it is an ancient pastime. Such a sentimental reference back to antiquity might also be urged to justify a recommencement of slavery and the torturing of witnesses in courts of justice.

To enquire further into the case of our adversaries, we find that they also wish to justify stag-hunting as being a lesser form of cruelty than other practices.

Such a case amounts to this: We should defend a man in Glasgow for beating his wife because another of his species in Tooting jumps on his mother.

A better choice

In any event, what practice could be more cruel than hunting hinds heavy with calf? It is not even "sport." The poor things are too heavy to run.

A man who allowed his dog to hound a cat bearing kittens would be sent to prison. But a domestic animal is protected by law; a wild animal is not.

There is a point worth considering here. If stag-hunting were abolished, would it not throw out of employment the grooms, the saddlers, and others the sport now employs?

I do not believe that if stag-hunting ceased these men would be out of work. But even so, it is surely infinitely preferable that men should draw unemployment pay rather than earn a livelihood from cruelty to dumb animals?

But what are the facts? Exmoor provides the finest drag-hunting country to be found anywhere. There

The Hon. Stephen Coleridge, M.A.

is considerable support for the drag in the district, and there would be no difficulty in forming a drag-hunt.

National responsibility

Stag-hunting is also excessively cruel to the horses who take part in it. The hunting is carried on during two of the hottest months of the year, August and September.

To expect a horse on a hot day to do a long run, with, perhaps, a little tufting thrown in, and possibly with a rider on its back unfamiliar with the country, is almost inhuman.

It is an everyday occurrence for horses to be killed or permanently injured during a hunt.

A drag-hunt would obviously function under entirely different conditions. It would not meet during the hot season. As it would not hunt deer, there would be no checks, no bad lines of country, and no blank days.

The gallop would be as exciting, except for those who hunt only for the pleasure of killing.

There is another district where deer-hunting is carried out, and its practice involves the whole nation. I refer to the New Forest.

It is not generally realised that by the New Forest Deer Removal Act, 1851, it was provided that the right of the Crown to keep deer in the Forest should cease.

This Act is still in force and yet the buck are being hunted in the New Forest to-day. The deer have been allowed to return, most of them being surreptitiously imported for the purpose of sport.

Now these exquisite little animals are almost entirely unfit for hunting. They make for the thickest part of the forest, and, exhausted, are at the mercy of the hounds.

The New Forest is national property. The nation is involved in the responsibility for the stag-hunting cruelties that take place there.

Disgraceful details

In regard to the hunting of the "carted" stag, a Bill has been before Parliament to suppress the sport for forty-two years. It is an utterly contemptuous sport.

Here you have practically a tame stag. It is put in a cart, taken to a meet, released, and scared into running away. Its horns have been cut, and for half the year it has been hand-fed. It is not unusual for the wretched animal to lick the huntsman's hand, and I have heard of its being scared into running by sending in hounds to bite its heels.

The creature has no horns to protect itself. It is entirely at the mercy of its tormentors. It ends its run by being packed back in the cart and sent home. In one case, at least, these deer have been hunted forty times!

An official statement concerning the plight of a hunted stag near Hughenden is a typical example:

"It (the stag) endeavoured to jump an iron-spiked fence and, in doing so, got caught by one of its hind legs on the spikes and was hung up, struggling to free itself for several minutes.

"Eventually, three men managed to release it from the fence, but they could not hold it and it got away. One of its thighs was lacerated and bleeding very much—there was a pool of blood on the ground. While the stag was hung up on the fence, the hounds came up and attacked it viciously and had to be driven off.

"When the stag got away it went off with the hounds after it. Neither the huntsman nor any of the followers were present when the stag was hung up on the fence. They did not arrive until the stag had been released and got away."

Cause for shame

Those who regard stag-hunting with horror and loathing have for many years been pressing the R.S.P.C.A. to use its immense resources to put an end to it.

In conclusion, if it is an evil act to inflict prolonged anguish on a stag, not for its own individual benefit, as in a surgical operation, no kind of pleasure derived by those who hunt it to death can render that infliction anything but an evil and even a cowardly act, for doing which men who are supposed to be gentlemen ought to be ashamed.

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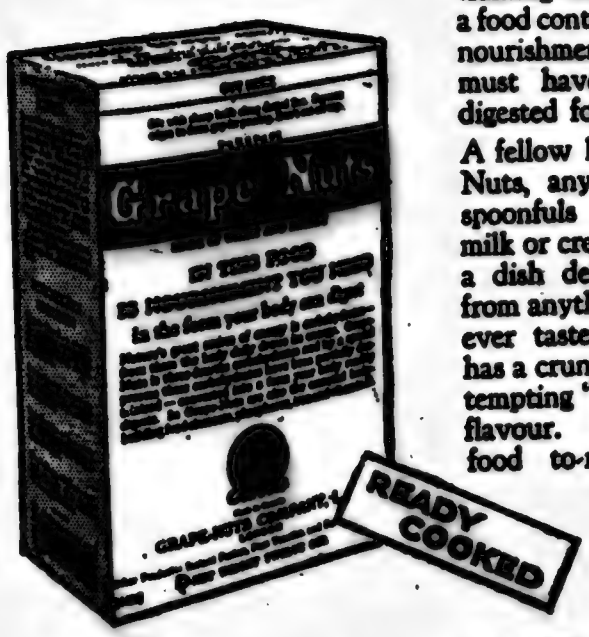
A fellow likes eating Grape-Nuts, anyway; two tablespoonfuls with sugar and milk or cream, and you have a dish delightfully different from anything else you have ever tasted, for Grape-Nuts has a crunchy crispness and a tempting "nutty," malt-sugar flavour. Try this famous food to-morrow morning!



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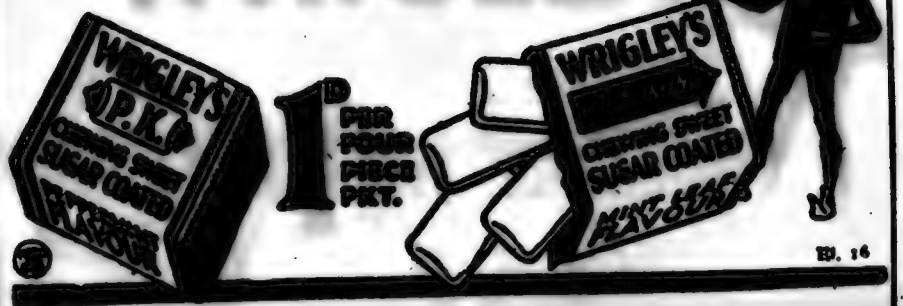

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CRACK *that TWISTS a* SOUL

Crimes Caused by Ill-Health

SEND THEM TO A DOCTOR!

THE other day a well-dressed and well-spoken gentleman entered a large bank in the West End of London, and, giving his address as the Waldorf Hotel, asked to see the manager.

Ushered into the manager's office, he produced a letter, penned on the above hotel's notepaper, and signed by a customer of the bank named Major J. M. Mackenzie, which requested that a new cheque-book should be handed to the bearer on his behalf.

As the signature appeared to be quite genuine the request was acted upon, and the young man, who gave his name as Thomas Best Gibson Mackenzie, bade the manager good morning.

A few days later it was necessary for the bank manager to communicate with the police as he had discovered that the letter was a very clever forgery and that the cheque-book had thus been obtained from him by false pretences.

Chance arrest

By the time this discovery was made, however, Thomas Best Gibson Mackenzie had turned his coup to good account.

He had entered a well-known stores in Piccadilly, for instance, very shortly after the cheque-book had been obtained, and, ordering goods to the value of nearly £5, induced the firm to cash him a cheque for double that amount and hand him the change with the goods.

Many other cheques were similarly converted, and in one case he called at a West End hotel where he was known and succeeded in inducing the proprietress to cash one of his forged cheques for £10.

All the cheques were, of course, dishonoured, and Mackenzie was ultimately arrested whilst in the act of trying to pass a further cheque.

His arrest was only due to chance, as the intended victim had the good sense to communicate with the bank, with the result that a police-officer arrived on the scene almost immediately and took him into custody.

In due course he appeared at the police-court, where, upon hearing that there were several previous convictions against him for cheque frauds, the magistrate sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

Deplorable policy

Prison is the wrong place for Mackenzie, however, as he is not a criminal in the ordinary sense of the word, but one of many hapless people who have turned suddenly to crime, not from ulterior motives, but as the result of a mental seizure for which they are in no way to blame.

In fact, the policy of sending such men to prison is altogether deplorable, for, as we propose to show, it only tends to aggravate their weaknesses, whereas sympathetic treatment in institutions specially equipped for their reception would in many cases prove successful in re-establishing mental balance.

The case of Mackenzie is particularly pertinent in considering this grave issue. For Mackenzie, who is thirty-six, showed not the slightest trace of any wayward trait until he was thirty-two.

He comes of a well-respected Scottish family, was given an excellent education, and, until four years ago, showed every promise of acquitting himself in life in a worthy

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Minister of Health

manner. These facts can be fully confirmed by no less eminent an authority than the medical officer of Brixton Prison.

This gentleman has placed it on record that Mackenzie was quite normal until 1923, but that in that year he had the misfortune to sustain a fractured skull as the result of an accident.

Medical opinion

From that time, the medical officer declares, there has been a marked difference in his general demeanour, which has been brought about by an unusual form of epilepsy.

There are times, therefore, when Mackenzie is not responsible for his actions, and he has also developed a craving for alcohol which has, of course, retarded recovery.

In the medical officer's own words: "One can only feel sorry for him."

Apart from this, there is other evidence to show that Mackenzie is certainly not a subject for prison.

In passing sentence on the last occasion the magistrate observed that he "hoped" the six months in jail would cure Mackenzie of his craving for intoxicants!

The futility of "hoping" in such cases is shown by the fact that the various periods which Mackenzie has spent in jail have only complicated his condition.

As an argument for other treatment, however, there is the fact that when sent on one occasion to a private mental home, he showed marked signs of improvement.

Manufacturing criminals

He escaped, however, in one of his fits of mental aberration, and, when he next fell into the hands of the authorities, was sent to jail. His pathetic case may be taken as typical of many.

We would urge the Minister of Health to confer with the Prison Commissioners on this subject, for, as matters now stand, magistrates have no alternative but to send such unconscious offenders to prison, with the result that criminals of a dangerous class are being deliberately manufactured instead of being reformed.

Though Mackenzie's accident befell him comparatively late in life, there are many unfortunate sufferers in prison whose trouble may be traced back to accidents which befell them in their youth.

Their case is all the more pathetic because it means that their lives have probably been thrown away because proper treatment was not accorded at the crucial time.

One such case was, however, tackled in the proper spirit recently at Doncaster, where a pathetic story was unfolded to the magistrates.

A fifteen-year-old boy was seen to climb over the wall of an unoccupied house and to steal certain fittings for no reason whatever.

The police preferred a charge against him of theft, but he made unintelligible answers and stared vacantly about the court in a manner which showed that he could not understand what was going on.

His poor mother, called to give evidence on his behalf, said that he had been knocked down by a lorry seven years ago and had "never been right since." She said that his left side was paralysed.

Practical sympathy

The wretched lad was fatherless and we are pleased to record that the magistrates showed practical sympathy by deferring sentence so that the lad could go to an institution for a proper examination into his mental condition.

This is an example that we should like to see followed in all cases where there is the least suggestion of disturbed mental balance. Meanwhile, something must also be done for those now in jail who have not been shown such humanity.

A good start might be made with the case of Mackenzie, who, as most people will agree, should never have been sent to jail.

* * *

Read "Behind the Scenes at Monte Carlo," the remarkable series now running in "The People."

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But I'm always glad of this Robin Starch. It's Robin that makes the ironing go so smooth. Robin's a good starch, Mum—helpful I call it. You mix it so easy—and it's got the gloss and everything in it. And the finish it gives, Mum—well look at it. You feel your work's been worth while.

I always shall say, Reckitt's Blue for keeping your white things white and Robin for a lovely finish easily got."

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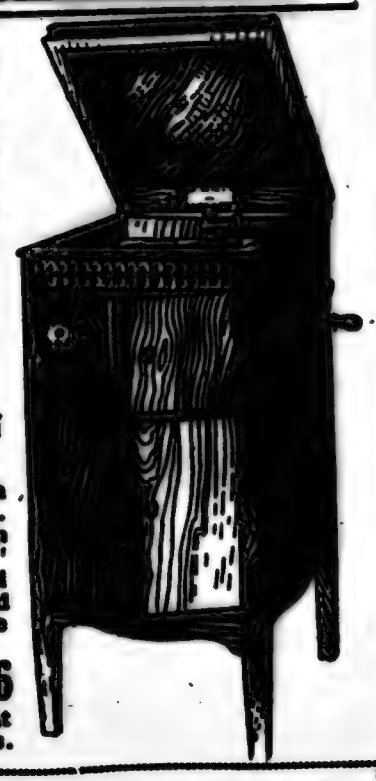

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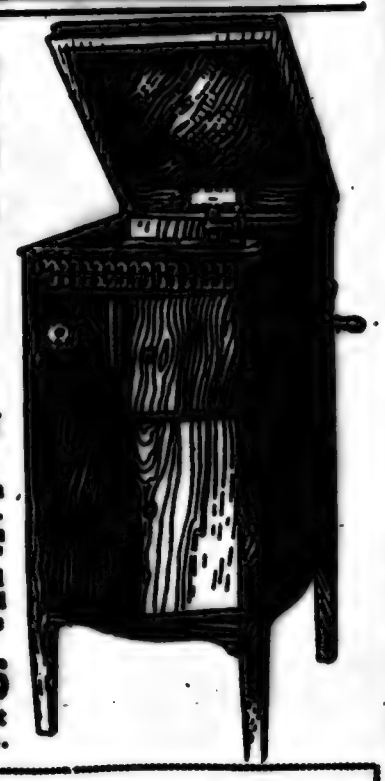

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A Fair Offer and No Money.

There is no sounder method of buying in these hard times than refusing to complete a purchase until you are convinced of the usefulness and efficiency of the article you want.

That is why we so heartily approve of the offer which you will find in our advertisement columns on page 3. There you have a thoroughly efficient article offered on its merits at a fixed price. The price asked is rock-bottom, and the goods offered without quackery.

The article in question serves a very useful purpose. It saves the housewife a very considerable sum of money and contributes to the healthful rest which our workers so badly need. It is priced within the means of modest purses.

But that is by no means all. You try before you buy. You have a full week to use and test the article in any way you like, and there is a definite clear-cut guarantee that you can return the article if you are in any way dissatisfied.

That, in our opinion, is sound marketing—from both the housewife's and the manufacturer's point of view. It is a method admirably suited to the needs and conditions of a public who are so often ignored or so sadly misled—the public who must count every halfpenny they spend and who must extract the utmost value out of every halfpenny they save.

We recommend our readers to give the advertisement on page 3 the attention it certainly deserves.

WANTED

One hundred persons (either sex) who have the ambition to earn a nice sum from now until Christmas in their spare time.

Would you like some crisp £1 notes to spend just as you please? Then, if you are enterprising, you can have the thing you so much want this very Christmas by selling Private Christmas Cards to your friends and acquaintances. This is the way. Address a postcard to us, asking for one of the beautiful Sample Books. This book and full particulars will be sent you by return of post, quite free of charge. Perhaps you have had experience as an agent in previous years. If so, you will realise that a back number in Sample Books is useless to an enterprising agent. Our productions are miles ahead of all competitors. Get a real, live, money-making book, filled from cover to cover with irresistible designs—hand-painted, celluloid, jewelled, calendars, and novelties in unsurpassed variety. This beautiful new edition-de-luxe is acknowledged by experts to be far ahead of anything previously issued. No risk. No outlay. Remuneration most generous, and many valuable prizes in addition.

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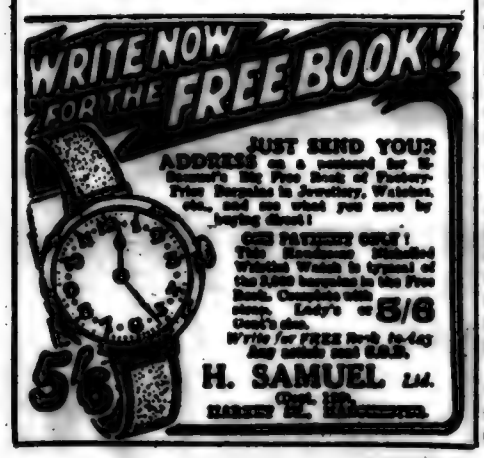


Words Winged to Women

A SPEED LIMIT ON LUXURY

This Restless, Reckless Racketing

by MABEL HORNER

I THINK it was one day just before last Christmas that I took a walk through one of London's huge and most palatial stores, in company with a male member of my family. We were looking for a sensible present to send to a friend who had emigrated and had some difficulty in finding what we wanted.

Not that there was any lack of stuff. The world seemed to have been combed for luxuries and expensive novelties. Finally, the man paused before a stand piled high with gorgeous merchandise and smiled. "What a lot of things there are I feel thankful I can do without," he said.

But there must be many thousands who do not go without these costly useless gewgaws. For what is manufactured must be bought or it would not fill such shops as I have described in overflowing abundance. It would not, as it does in nine out of every ten shops, crowd out and obscure the useful things that humanity really needs.

It is this craving for luxury and setting up of false standards that gives point to the words Dr. L. P. Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, has recently addressed to the Industrial Welfare Society.

"One had only to look at the things displayed in the shops," said Dr. Jacks—his own impression was that three-quarters of them might be set down as luxuries—"to realise from what quarter the wind blew in our industrial climate. It blew mainly from the leisure end, and the sails of industry were trimmed accordingly."

The weak spot

That cannot be right. There must be something profoundly wrong in our social arrangements when shops are crammed roof high with luxuries that only the most reckless wealth can buy, while mills are silent and factories closing down because at the other end of the scale there is no money among the people to buy the things they need.

Dr. Jacks put his finger on the weak spot when he said that one reason for this terrible maladjustment was lack of control. Self-control is becoming a forgotten thing.

I was talking to a woman the other day who deals with correspondence in connection with social work she is doing. People write to her from all parts of the country. Of course, they write after they get into trouble, never before. She tapped a pile of letters, each of which told a story of a human problem that seemed almost impossible of solution.

Professor L. P. Jacks

There were marriage tangles, "the eternal triangle," the moral lapse, the tampering with other people's money, the problem of rebellion and utterly uncontrollable children.

And as she tapped she said simply, "There is not one among these tragedies that need have happened if only the sufferers had obeyed the Ten Commandments."

Later, I had occasion to visit another friend—a man this time, who is manager of a big concern in the City. I found him very sad. He had just been interviewing a girl. She was barely out of her 'teens, but because she was married had been made treasurer of a social club for girls at the works.

In all, about £20 had passed into her hands as subscriptions for the quarter.

Now the end of September was approaching, and with it the usual sheaf of accounts to be settled. She could not meet them. She had not a penny left. She had "just frittered it"!

Another case, in the same day, where simple obedience to the Ten Commandments would have saved all the shame and despair and the miserable talk of suicide.

This lack of control is noticeable in other directions, particularly in the use made of leisure. I am not talking now of the leisure forced upon people by unemployment, but the other sort. It is being increasingly used without any sort of intelligent direction.

Social danger

Young and old, rich and poor, spend their spare time on the move. They rush from home, at break-neck speed, to get there. As soon as they arrive, wherever it is, they rush to get back.

While Mayfair goes in a Rolls-Royce, Bethnal Green goes on a motor-bike. That is the only difference, and it is not good. It brings no slightest happiness. It may bring momentary excitement and exhilaration, but that is another thing.

And, worst of all, it is turning the whole machinery of industry and production in a perfectly useless direction. It is doing less than nothing towards building up a sober-minded, solid and prosperous nation. To say this is not to be a kill-joy. It is merely to state a truth that can be traced right through history.

To quote again from Dr. Jacks: "The greatest social danger confronting us to-day is the growth of a vast multitude of people in all classes of society with no skill they can exercise either for their own enjoyment or other people's benefit, but with plenty of leisure at their disposal, and with plenty of money in their pockets for the purchase of ready-made pleasures."

And, being uncontrolled, if they have not money, and see a chance of snatching other people's, they take it. This social danger must be checked by better education. Beauty is desirable and luxuries are lawful after wants are supplied. But we must know how to create the beauty with our own hands.

A prosperous happy nation cannot be built on wantonness and uncontrolled recklessness. We need a thoughtful people, skilful with their hands.

WEALTH *in* ABUNDANCE

Taking the Sting Out of Poverty

THERE must be many women, in these days of unemployment and difficulty, who have wished their pantry stores would have an inexhaustible quality like the widow's cruse of oil.

In the ancient Book of Kings the story of her poverty is told, and it is not unlike the story of any number of women to-day. She had only a very little meal and a very little oil left, but even from that meagre store she managed to make a meal for a wayfarer even poorer than herself.

As a result, her own cruse again became full to overflowing, and remained full through all the days of famine.

Plenty of help

Perhaps the story is intended to be taken as a parable. It is certainly true in a spiritual sense that small deeds of kindness done have a way of coming back to the giver tenfold. In a material sense it is even more true that small seeds cast into the ground return in a bountiful harvest.

In this country we have not shown the wit to cultivate the land properly, so we cannot guarantee the constant filling of every pantry.

But some things can be done, such as the provision of the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme, which takes the worst sting out of poverty when the home is visited by infectious illness or disaster.

In this regard JOHN BULL can claim to be like the widow's cruse of oil, for no matter how many are the claims of registered readers, there is always left plenty of help for those who come after.

It was diphtheria that brought distress to the home of Mrs. E. Cross, 74, Upper Church Path, Landport, and in addition real worry as to how the extra expense was to be met.

Possibly, in the first flurry, she never even remembered what a friend-in-waiting was contained in her weekly copy of JOHN BULL. When she did, she wrote at once, and promptly received her cheque.

"It enabled me to pay all my expenses," she says joyfully, "and it has taken a veritable load off my mind."

An even worse illness, smallpox, was the unwelcome visitor at 13, Garden Place, Normanby, Yorks, where both Mr. and Mrs. Emmerson fell sick with it.

A blessing indeed

Naturally the local authorities stepped in at once and both were taken away "at very short notice," as Mr. Emmerson says in detailing his troubles; "but knowing we were both registered readers of JOHN BULL our very good neighbours wrote in on our behalf. Now I have shown all my friends the cheque."

Another smallpox victim was Mr. Hopkinson, of 19, Smawthorne Avenue, Castleford. His wife says: "My husband worked for E. Brefflit and Co. for over forty years. During the coal strike in 1926 the works closed for good and my husband has only worked ten days since. We gave up all papers but JOHN BULL, and it has proved a blessing indeed."

All the above benefits were received simply because the recipients had made themselves *registered* readers. What about you?

• • •

There is a flood tide in "Bull'ets" affairs this week. Let page 39 lead you to a fortune of £2,000!

Heaps of vitamins inside

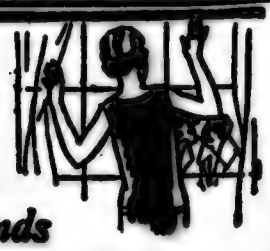
The vitamins you need to keep you in health are retained intact in

HOVIS

(Trade Mark)

Best Bakers Bake it

HOVIS LTD. LONDON, BRISTOL, MACCLESFIELD, ETC.



When the friends you have urged to "drop in for tea" unexpectedly arrive—

give them something really good—

Delicious sandwiches made with

SAILOR SAVOURIES

POTTED MEATS—FISH PASTES

There are twelve tempting varieties

In three sizes

5½d 7½d 9½d

Made in the spotless kitchens of Angus Watson & Co. Ltd., The "Skipper" People

SVS 189-040

C.A.V. Radio Accumulators

BUILT TO LAST!
AND SILENT AS THE SPHINX

STAND No 114
RADIO EXHIBITION
OLYMPIA
SEPT 22-29

For more perfect reception at lower cost use C.A.V. "H.M. 6" H.T. accumulators supplied fully charged in 60 volt. units.

37/6

3,000 Milli-Amp. hrs.

The name C.A.V. represents a standard in Radio Accumulators that cannot be bettered whatever the price paid.

For satisfaction over the largest period fit C.A.V. low tension accumulators. Supplied in celluloid, glass or ebonite containers.

Popular Size

2 A.G.7. **11/-**

2 volt. 36 Amp. hrs.

A STILL MORE WONDERFUL ALADDIN LAMP!

The new No. 12 Aladdin Incandescent Paraffin Lamp is a revelation in lighting and convenience. It ensures a constant maintenance of the remarkable Aladdin light, greater cleanliness in burning, consequently less trimming and cleaning, a longer life for the mantle, still greater economy, an invariably cool burner and container, and absolute safety under all conditions. Add to all this the facts that this new model is greatly improved in every way and that it still costs the same price—42/- with an additional 6/- for the shade.

ASK FOR THE NEW NO. 12

Aladdin

INCANDESCENT PARAFFIN LAMP.

Send to us for illustrated catalogue or ask your ironmonger to show you a full range of Aladdin floor, table, hanging & bracket models. ALADDIN INDUSTRIES Ltd., 426 Aladdin House, 118 Southwark St., S.E.1. West-End Showrooms, 42 Mortimer St. (nr Oxford Circus), W.1. Paris: 8 rue d'Abouzir

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

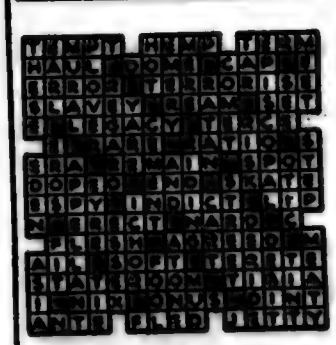
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

TESTED JB

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
Proprietors of "John Bull."



Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's Puzzle is on page 38.

DOES INDIGESTION TROUBLE YOU?

A lady who had suffered for years with indigestion told the writer that after trying almost every remedy she was certain that nothing would do her any good. Strangely enough she had not tried 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which is the remedy that is used by thousands of one-time sufferers and is recommended by many doctors too. As is usually the case, her trouble was due to stomach acidity, a condition that is rectified instantly with 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which neutralises the acid and prevents fermentation. 'Bisurated' Magnesia has proved again and again to be a certain remedy for acid-caused digestive troubles, because it not only brings quick relief, but also soothes and heals the acid-inflamed stomach lining. All chemists sell 'Bisurated' Magnesia in both powder and tablets, price 1s. 3d., and you cannot get a better or surer remedy to keep you free from indigestion altogether.

1/9 NOW

A LOW FIGURE

My Free Lists only want seeing and you will not buy elsewhere. Any Horn or Hornless Model with as many Records as you like sent on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL. Easiest Terms. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Write for Free Lists.

COVENTRY

GILLETTE BLADES FREE.

GILLETTE SHAVING STICKS & RAZORS, TOO!

You can have a smooth shave free just by enjoying a smooth smoke!
The latest Black Cat Gifts offer of 5 Gillette Blades and a Gillette Shaving Stick or 5 Gillette Blades and a Gillette Razor for 70 Coupons from Black Cat Cigarettes should prove a boon to the men.
One can get almost anything these days for Black Cat coupons—gifts for the home and the playing field; toys for the children, fishing tackle, etc. The latest Black Cat Gifts Booklet shows over 500 Gifts for you to select from. Details will be gladly sent on application to The Black Cat Cigarettes Co., Arcadia Works, Hampstead Road, London, N.W.1.

"I have not heard a better 2 Valve Set"

says owner of the One Dial Efescaphone

C.W.P., of Redditch, writes:—"I am delighted with the set . . . I have not heard a better 2 Valve Set either for purity of tone or volume."

• • •

You will say the same when once you have heard the superb reproduction of the Efescaphone. A single turn of the dial places you immediately within hearing of the world's finest music, songs, plays, speeches, and everything that is best in Wireless, faultlessly reproduced. And the one dial Efescaphone is as simple to possess as it is to manipulate. The cash price of the 2 Valve Set is £11, but 22/- down brings it to your fireside. The balance can be paid monthly. If you want a more powerful set, the 3 Valve Efescaphone—cash price £12.12.0—can be yours for £1 down. A whole range of more expensive sets are illustrated in an interesting catalogue sent free. Write to-day or call at your nearest Wireless Dealer.

THE ONE DIAL

EFESCAPHONE

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To FALK, STADELMANN & Co., Ltd., 83-93, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.1.

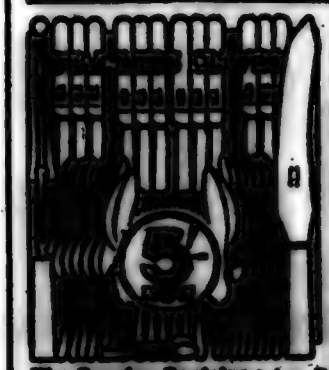
Please send me particulars and catalogue of all Wireless Sets manufactured by you.

Name.....

Address.....

J.B. 22 -28

The GRAVES STAINLESS 50-PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE MAKES FOOD ATTRACTIVE.



A good Meal deserves a good Knife and Fork

TERMS:—Our Famous Price is 10/- deposit and 10 monthly payments of 5/-. If you wish to pay cash 5% discount is allowed

Complete Approval

The Service Contains: 1 pr Double Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Tab's Knives & 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 6 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all of Colombian Silver, which is warranted to wear white throughout. CARRIAGE PAID 9238. Keenest Prices. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Human Documents

SHOULD a FATHER *TELL?*

Policy Wangling—Padded-Room Horrors—An Old Man's Torture

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelope. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"AN old fellow of my acquaintance was for some unaccountable reason deserted by his wife many years ago.

"She not only took with her the only child of their marriage, a son, who was not yet in his teens, but also all the money she could lay hands on, and he never heard of her again.

"Although the old chap had at that time built up a very thriving connection as a pianoforte maker and tuner, his wife's conduct so unbalanced him that he disposed of his business and with the proceeds left his native place and wandered from town to town earning his living as a pianoforte-tuner.

"In this precarious way my friend contrived to live, but his life has been anything but happy, for he has never ceased to mourn the absence of his wife and child.

"Years passed, and he eventually gave up all hope of finding either the mother or the boy, although he did not make any systematic search for him.

"The poorer he became, in fact, the less would he have been inclined to introduce himself to his family even had he found them. He presumed that the son would have established himself in some trade.

"The father had his pride, and had no wish to embarrass anyone, whatever his state of poverty.

"Some time ago, while attending to some minor repairs to a piano in a house to which he had been recommended, he was astonished to discover in the owner his own son, who, apparently, is in very affluent circumstances, is married, and has a grown-up family.

"My friend maintained silence and it is only recently and since he has been so seriously ill that he has disclosed to myself the facts I have outlined herein for your perusal and advice.

"He steadfastly declines my offer to appeal to his son on his behalf, but it is my opinion that the latter, who appears a very kindly disposed man, may be inclined to render his father the help of which he stands so sadly in need.

"After all, no action of the old man's drove his wife from home, and it is a mystery why she ever left."

"HUMANIST" says: *There is no reason why your friend should not write and acquaint his son with the facts without making any demands upon his charity, but leave that aspect of the case to the promptings of his son's filial instincts. It may be the son would welcome a reunion with his long-lost father.*

• • •

"I AM asking advice on behalf of a friend who for over twenty years has been the sole support of her home. There are six brothers who have not contributed a penny-piece towards the maintenance of the parents.

Insurance Trickery

"The father died seven years ago, and my friend was called upon to defray all expenses of burial. The mother followed him five weeks ago.

"My friend took out a policy on her mother's life so that she would not be faced later with the problem of funeral expenses.

"Now, one brother, with an eye to his own selfish interests, had on several occasions endeavoured to coax his sister to sign his name to enable him to draw the money.

"After the mother's death, the superintendent of the insurance company produced a letter purported to have been received from head office to the effect that whether she signed her name or not her brother was legally entitled to draw the money under the policy; therefore, my friend signed her approval for her brother to receive the money, although he had not at any time paid a penny in premiums.

"The old lady died intestate, and it seems that it is the prerogative of this brother, as the eldest son, to divide up the home, which will leave my friend homeless. What can she do?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Comment on the brother's actions is superfluous, but without seeing the policy it is difficult to say who is the legal claimant and the case cannot be reopened unless the superintendent obtained the signature by means of a trick. If you suspect such a thing, send the policy to our Industrial Assurance Expert for his opinion.*

• • •

"MY sister has been an inmate of a mental institution for the past year or so, and for some time I have been most anxious because of her complaints of unhappiness and misery.

Torments of the Demented

"One is naturally disinclined to give credence to the statements made by a person of unbalanced mind, but my fears apparently were not without foundation.

"My husband accompanied my sister's husband on a visit to the institution, and a truly dreadful state of affairs was revealed.

"The poor soul was in the padded room because she persisted in crying to go home.

"Her feet were bare; there was very little clothing on her body—in fact, her back was absolutely devoid of covering—and, what was even worse, her food was given her to eat from *off the floor*.

"Imagine the feelings of her husband, and think also of my own when I heard of it!

"However, I endured the torture of mental worry until this week, when it was my turn to visit her. I had hoped that the previous incident was merely a drastic measure to combat my sister's obstinate mood.

"This is how I found her. She was alone in a tiny room, into which no fresh air could penetrate. It was dark, and she was practically naked.

"On the floor a mattress was spread, which boasted neither sheet nor pillow, with a piece of coarse cloth to serve as covering.

"The room had not a proper door, but something which resembled a shutter, and my sister told me she sometimes cannot distinguish night from day. It is like a reversion to the Dark Ages when felons were cast into dungeons."

"HUMANIST" says: *A story to touch the hardest heart and from my point of view a wholly unnecessary procedure for the treatment of one so afflicted. Report the matter to the National Society for Lunacy Reform, 60, Avenue Chambers, W.C.1, and ask for a speedy investigation.*

• • •

"DOING good is the only pleasure that never wears out." You can do endless good and also gain endless pleasure by subscribing to "The Greatest of These . . ." Fund. (See page 38.)

"MY father-in-law, an active and industrious old fellow despite his seventy-odd years, was engaged in the erection of a hay-rick, when he fell to the ground.

First Aid to Injured

"He was picked up and laid underneath the rick for over two and a half hours before removal to his home, when it was discovered that one leg was fractured in two places, and one arm also fractured.

"When the old chap was picked up the farm bailiff remarked that he would recover in a few minutes, although my father-in-law pleaded that he knew his leg was broken.

"He now lies in hospital, where he is called upon to pay 10s. 6d. a week for his maintenance there out of the 20s. granted him during his incapacity. His wages average only 30s. a week.

"If I were to leave a dog or a horse in a similar condition to that old man for two and half hours, the justices would award me hard labour, and rightly so. Yet this poor old man was permitted to endure pain and suffering despite his entreaties for medical aid."

"HUMANIST" says: *A very distressing, not to say disgraceful, state of affairs, but probably due more to ignorance than to culpable negligence—an instance why a knowledge of first aid is so invaluable. As the old fellow appears to be receiving more than half wages during his incapacity, I am afraid he has no further claim legally, but I hope his employers will deal justly by him in view of his years of faithful service.*

• • •

Pie-crust Promises

"My mother was induced by an itinerary tea agent to make a weekly purchase of a certain blend of tea when in course of time cash gifts of £3 and £5 would be distributed to each customer in turn. *Five years* have elapsed, but no gift has found its way."

"Humanist" says: *Nor is one likely to do so. There are many such concerns offering alluring gifts and they protect themselves by a clause in their circulars that "no definite time can be stated when gifts will be paid."*

Selfish

"After a great struggle, my husband and I have bought a little house and furnished it. We are ideally happy, but now my father-in-law (a widower) wants us to give it up to go and look after him. We lived with him for three weeks after our marriage, but he turned us into the street because I objected to his drunkenness."

"Humanist" says: *Remain where you are unless you wish to risk a repetition of your former experience. Suggest to your father-in-law that he engages a housekeeper while you will perform any little service in your power for his comfort.*

Farcical Isolation

"My friend's child went to an isolation hospital with scarlet fever. She was about to be discharged after seven weeks when she developed diphtheria, which was obviously contracted whilst in hospital. This is the tenth case I have heard of children contracting a second infectious disease in similar circumstances. Surely greater precaution should be taken."

"Humanist" says: *I agree; but while nurses are permitted to mix together during off-duty and meal-times in the uniform worn in the respective wards, this will continue to happen.*

FIVE DAYS' FREE EXAMINATION OFFER!

AN ENTIRELY NEW AND REVISED EDITION

SEPTEMBER 1928.

We will send you a volume ON APPROVAL! NO COST!

NEW Supplements—NEW Words—NEW Dictionaries of Famous Men and Women and Notable Proper Names in History, Science, Politics, Literature and Art.

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FIRST 2/6 PAYMENT AFTER EXAMINATION

Get it for the Children. It will help them in their studies.

Actual Size 9½ ins. x 6½ ins. x 3 ins.

FREE APPROVAL ORDER FORM USE IT NOW.

BRITISH BOOKS LTD., 88, Strand, W.C.2.

PLEASE FORWARD ME THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY NEW EDITION ON 5 DAYS' APPROVAL. I WILL RETURN IT ON THE 6th DAY, OR, IF I DECIDE TO PURCHASE, I WILL REMIT A FIRST PAYMENT OF 2/6 AND 10 FURTHER MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 5/- TO COMPLETE THE PRICE OF 52/6. (CASH PRICE, 51/-).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. 854

THE WONDER REMEDY OF OUR WONDER AGE

Yeastpirin

The Unrivalled Remedy for Sleeplessness, Headache, Colds, Influenza, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Nerves, Neuritis, Anæmia, Indigestion, etc.

STAFFORDSHIRE MINER'S LETTER.

STAFFORDSHIRE MINER EXPRESSES GRATITUDE FOR "YEASTPIRIN."

Read this letter from Mr. F. Seedhouse, a Staffordshire miner, who suffered greatly from Catarrh, and attributes his present freedom from this complaint to Yeastpirin:—

High Street, Brownhill, Walsall, Staffs.
August 17th, 1928.

Dear Sirs,—May I express my gratitude for the splendid results I have got from Yeastpirin?

I suffered greatly from catarrh and often woke up during the night with a choking sensation in my throat. I became quite ill and depressed and lost weight.

One day my sister, who had been treating me with several things, decided to try if YEASTPIRIN would do me any good.

I found that the first bottle did me good, and decided to keep on with them, and now, after taking two or three bottles, my health is greatly improved.

I was gassed in the war, and think perhaps that this may have been the cause of my trouble, and working underground, as I do, being a miner, did not improve things.

Now I am glad to feel that I have found in YEASTPIRIN the right thing, and shall always rely upon YEASTPIRIN to prevent any bad attacks in the future.

F. E. SEEDHOUSE.

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE TAKE

Yeastpirin

SUPER TONIC TABLETS

Yeastpirin is sold at all High Class Chemists and Stores at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- a bottle. If you are unable to obtain locally, send 1/3, 3/- or 5/- (for whichever size you prefer) direct to us and we shall forward to you. Yeastpirin, Ltd., 26/27, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

She suffered with a SEPTIC ANKLE

Thankful she tried Germolene

"After having a bad ankle for 25 years during which I suffered untold agony, I have spent pounds on useless ointments and lotions, but obtained no relief whatever.

"I resolved to try your Germolene. I am more than thankful I did so. It drew all the impurities out. I at last obtained relief. New flesh began to form. It is six months ago now since it healed right up, so it has had a fair trial. I shall recommend it to any other sufferers."—Mrs. M. M. Hill, 11, Upper Range Road, Denton, Gravesend, Kent.

There is no other ointment, we maintain, with such a remarkable record for quick, sure healing as Germolene has. It is an aseptic surgical dressing, which does not irritate or smart like an aseptic dressings. It contains definite skin and tissue building properties. It instantly soothes and relieves on application. The finest ointment for minor accidents and skin diseases of every description.

Germolene

ASEPTIC SKIN DRESSING

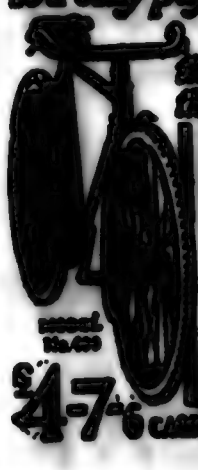
1/3 and 3/- A Veno Product

10 minutes daily "Terry" Steelstranding means virile health

—it cleans the muscles of waste and fills them with rich healthy blood. If troubled with a liver or with indigestion, 10 minutes daily on a "Terry" steelstrand may put you right. 12-lb. pull, 12/-; 15-lb., 14/-; 28-lb., 16/-; complete with chart. Prices for the 3-strand shown here; list free.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, LTD. Redditch, Eng. Est. 1856.

FOR A HEAD START You only pay 2/6 Still you have ridden the bicycle a month



Send for full details of our All British, de-luxe "Marvel" cycle, fitted with every conceivable up-to-date improvement. Richly enamelled, brilliantly plated lined in colours, fully guaranteed. Sent packed free, carriage paid. Thousands testify to its absolute reliability. Accessories CHEAP. Write TO-DAY for illustrated art catalogue of 33 new models.

Special Machine

£4-7-6 CASH

YOURS WITH ANY RECORDS for 1/9 NOW

MY FREE LISTS show the largest and cheapest collection of the finest Blue and Standard Labels, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, with your own additional Records for a few months to complete. Write for a copy of my FREE LISTS now.

Are YOU a Victim to

Deadly Catarrh ?

(Chronic Cold in the Head.)

If you have any doubt about your ailment ask yourself the following questions:—

Is my voice husky?
Do I sneeze frequently?
Do I catch cold easily?
Is my nose stopped up?
Is my hearing affected?
Does my throat feel dry?
Do I feel tired on rising?
Does my nose discharge?
Do I suffer from headache?
Do crusts form in my nose?
Do I expectorate frequently?
Is my sense of smell affected?
Is there fulness in my throat?
Does phlegm drop into my throat?
Do I suffer from noises in my head?
Do I suffer from shortness of breath?
Does a change in the weather affect me?
Do I have to clear my throat frequently?
Is there a pain between and over my eyes?
Is there a fulness or pressure in my head?

If you answer "Yes" to any three of the foregoing you are in the grip of Catarrh, a disease which not only saps your vitality, kills ambition and energy, but only too frequently terminates fatally in Catarrh of the Stomach and dreaded Consumption. Moreover the constant swallowing of the fetid mucus during sleep slowly but surely poisons the stomach, liver, kidneys and other organs. You need not, however, suffer another hour if you will only carry out the simple, home treatment which cured me seven years ago and has since then cured hundreds fo others.

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Our Letter Parliament

PUT *the* PACT *into* PRACTICE!

A War to Wage—No Time for Party—House Subsidies

DR. MORRISON'S article (JOHN BULL, September 8) will come as a shock to the people of this country. Most of us thought that the British Government, in giving support to the Peace Pact, had done so wholeheartedly and without any reservations whatever. It now appears, however, that the Foreign Office has made a most important reservation. When Parliament reassembles, the matter will have to be thrashed out, and those responsible held strictly to account.—*T. R., London.*

Let Britain Lead

Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article (JOHN BULL, September 8) should make every lover of peace think, and think hard. The signing of the Peace Pact will be just a solemn farce unless the people make it really effective. We can and must force our statesmen to abolish all instruments of war. It is only natural that if one man has a gun his neighbour will get one to be on equal terms. Let every nation begin to disarm, but let the lead come from Britain.—*X. Y., Birmingham.*

Baldwin's Chance

The Kellogg Pact is signed, so let the nations prove that this is no "scrap of paper." Huge reductions in armaments by the leading nations will suffice. The money so saved could be used to raise the school-leaving age to sixteen, which would mean a better educated population and less unemployment. This is Mr. Baldwin's chance to write his name on the pages of progress. Will he do it?—*J. H., Craghead.*

Despicable Weapon

The plea of Mr. A. G. Gardiner that the Pact should result in a common understanding for the abolition of aircraft for military purposes will find an echo in the hearts of all who realise what aerial battles really mean. We have everything to gain by an understanding with France and America, which would result in the abolition of this despicable weapon; and Britain should be ready to take the lead in this step towards disarmament.—*T. M., Sunderland.*

Act of Faith

There has been much said lately about the signing of the Peace Pact, but surely it was a solemn act of faith between the statesmen who signed it. Like all other pledges it will need to be practised by all concerned to bring about its ultimate reality. All those of us who witnessed the horrible tragedy of the last war, and also read the terrible figures of unemployed still existing in this country, will not think it too much to do their level best to bring about the desired end.—*A. S., Bedford.*

Fooled Again!

It appears from Dr. Morrison's article that we have been fooled again. What is the use of signing Peace Pacts which allow the signatories to wage war whenever they like? Until self-seeking politicians are removed from office, and men with a real desire for peace and disarmament are put in their places, talk about peace is absurd.—*W. T. G., Glasgow.*

What the Pact Means

The Peace Pact means one thing only to the average man—that war as a means of settling international disputes is definitely outlawed. If it means anything less than this the people have been foully tricked, and any statesman who is a party to hostilities in the future is guilty of kindred treachery.—*C. W. M., Birkenhead.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published and one guinea for the most original and constructive. Name and address essential, but not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Direct Selling

Mining in Britain could be considerably assisted by a direct-selling campaign overseas. Scotch or Welsh anthracite is preferable to any other anthracite procurable here in Canada, but it seems to be impossible to buy it; 70 per cent. of the dealers supply a small quantity of British coal mixed with American or Dutch, although they advertise and charge for Scotch or Welsh. Direct representation would be advantageous to consumer, miner and owner. I have bought coal out here for eighteen years, and in only one year was I able to procure the pure Scotch anthracite (1923, U.S.A. coal strike).—*T. J. B., Montreal.*

[*The above letter has been awarded the special prize of one guinea.*]

Righteous War

After reading Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's article (JOHN BULL, September 8), one sighs for another war—a great national uprising to fight the evils of poverty, slums and unemployment. It is a strange commentary on our boasted civilisation that while the nation will pour out treasure and blood to kill its foreign neighbour, an indifferent shrug is all that our own human "devastated areas" provoke. Poverty, we are told, is no crime, but, judging by the treatment, criminals are more deserving than the poor.—*Ashamed, Deptford.*

Deadly Milk-Jugs

In all the letters I have read on the subject of milk supply no one seems to think of where the milk is kept after it leaves the dairy. How many of the poorer classes possess anything in the shape of a larder? The milk is taken in, and what is not immediately used stands until required in a room which may serve for all the needs of the family. The real trouble is less in the cow byre and the dairy than in the germ-laden places which the poor must call home.—*J. D., Aberdeen.*

Printers' Pie

[*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*]

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"LEICESTER MAIL":—"Light coloured kid gloves WILL BE THE MOST FAVOURED FOOTWEAR."

Fruitful Holiday

The majority of our Members of Parliament are enjoying themselves on holiday while there are thousands of men, women and children starving. What a feather in their caps it would have been if each Member had decided to spend his holiday touring his constituency and seeing for himself the poverty that really does exist. If this had taken place Members would have made it their first business when Parliament reopens to determine to find employment for the vast number of unemployed this country possesses.—*L. S., Staffs.*

Law Lessons

"Ignorance of the law is no excuse" is a well-worn adage, yet in how many elementary schools is even a smattering of legal facts taught? In consequence, the rights and wrongs of our complicated legal system have to be just "picked up." Could not our system of education spare just a little time each week to giving at least a brief insight into the rudiments of our country's laws?—*R. W. L., Exmouth.*

Join Hands!

It is a peculiar thing that during the war those in authority found out that a single Party could not carry on the war successfully and brought in the Coalition, thus bringing the best brains of all Parties to bear on the problem. Could not Party be dropped and a similar scheme brought to bear on unemployment, which would relieve the minds of over a million unfortunates?—*G. C., Glasgow.*

Nurses' Dress

Why is it that the medical profession, notorious for its disagreement on most subjects, is united in the fact that the human body needs plenty of air and light, and yet the nurses in our hospitals and institutions are still dressed in the same manner as many years ago before recognition of these necessities. The present mode could surely be modified by something more comfortable and hygienic.—*J. F., Dalston.*

Useful Knowledge

With the reopening of the evening schools for the winter pressure should be put upon registrants and benefit recipients at the employment exchanges to attend some form of evening instruction. Juniors especially should be compelled to attend some form of instruction, and for those to whom book-learning does not appeal manual training or handicraft is taught.—*S. A., London.*

Help for Househunters

Instead of granting subsidies to those building small houses, the Government should be prepared to advance to any responsible man sufficient to pay the deposit required by a building society towards the purchase of a house. The amount loaned should also cover legal expenses. This plan, which could be operated through local authorities, would cost the country nothing, as interest would be charged on the amount advanced, until repaid.—*F. A., Norwood.*

Holidays for All!

Thousands have enjoyed their holidays, whilst many more unfortunately have not. In many great factories and shops holidays are an unknown thing. Why cannot the long-waited-for Act of Parliament be passed whereby every worker who has worked a full year would be entitled to a fortnight's holiday? This would prove as big a boon to the workers as it would to the workless, who would certainly have a good chance of securing temporary employment.—*J., Liverpool.*

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Blancona's Amazing Record

THERE is another lull in the big race campaign until the Jockey Club Stakes and the Duke of York Handicap come along, but keeping an eye on our fancies for the big back-end double will keep us interested.

Hon. A. Hastings, trainer of Brown Jack

NEARLY half of the entries for the Cesarewitch said Goodbye at the acceptance stage, and, except, perhaps, for Saint Reynard, who was an unlucky loser of the race last year, they will not be missed. My early selections—Brown Jack, Arctic Star, and Steel Point—stand their ground.

THE Cambridgeshire departures, which are not so heavy, do not affect the JOHN BULL selections either, as Trelawny, Mara and Polly Flinders II. accepted, but I understand that Trelawny has broken down in training, so he is best left alone for the time being. It is interesting to note that Stanley Wootton has taken out Medal, who divided the spoils with Niantic twelve months ago, and left in Grotesque. This one is sure to be a live factor on the day of the race.

I HOPED to see Brown Jack and Cap-a-Pie compete in the Rufford Abbey Handicap, as the long-distance Doncaster race does not entail a penalty for the Cesarewitch, and often gives a pointer or two. However, the hard ground kept them away, and the spoils went to that versatile performer, Blancona, who, by the way, is in the Newmarket race with a feather-weight, 7 st. 13 lb.

MR. "BOY" SANFORD'S eight-year-old won anyhow, and seems to have fully recovered from the ill-effects of his trip to America, where he went in quest of their Grand National honours. I think Blancona stands out as the most remarkable horse in training.

BLANCONA has competed in N.H. Flat races, 'chases, hurdle events, and races under Jockey Club rules. In 1925, he won the Irish Cesarewitch, with 8 st., by twelve lengths, gave Sprig 11 lbs. at Cheltenham, and made him go all out to win, beat Bright's Boy and Great Span easily in the Becher 'Chase at Aintree, and licked a useful field at Newmarket over a mile and a half just before going to the States.

PROBABLY his best performance on the Flat was in the Limerick Junction Handicap, where he carried a packet of weight—11 st. 5 lbs.—and defeated Credo and Bannie in a hollow canter. This event was over a mile and a half, and Bannie, the favourite, was receiving 54 lbs.! I would like to include Blancona in my little batch, but one cannot have too many bites at a cherry.

THE sons and daughters of Gay Crusader are still fetching huge prices, and a record was set up at Doncaster, when a filly by this sire out of Love's Oil changed hands for 13,000 sovs. It is more than I should like to pay, if I had the money, but the purchasers, the Bloodstock Registry, can congratulate themselves that they have made a better bargain than the breeder of Love Oil, Sir A. E. Bowen.

THE baronet sold the mare to Mr. F. W. Hoole for 35 gns. Mr Hoole passed her on to Lord Furness for 7,100 gns. This was considered a big price, at the time, but Lord Furness has been amply rewarded for his judgment, as Love Oil's produce in the last three years, two colts and a filly, has fetched over £35,000.

WE shall have to look to Windsor for our week-end winners, The "Merry Wives" is rather a tricky nursery, and I am inclined to rely on the consistent On Avon, and, in the gelding's absence, Kesgrave. Cramick may pop up at last in the Royal Borough Handicap, and Weeds should take the Ivor Nursery.

"SILVER RING."

TWO coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

S U N O X Q D H I K 3 G F T

2 R A B J C Z Y E M L V W P

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line, as the case may be. OUBFA XNQM would read BROWN JACK.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, September 19, to Tuesday, September 25.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Cardiff, West Ham, Preston, Stoke, Celtic, Glasgow Rangers.
5 HOME.—Manchester C., Hull, West Bromwich, Luton, Celtic.
4 HOME.—Middlesbrough, Preston, Plymouth, Glasgow Rangers.
3 AWAY.—Doncaster, Brighton, Hearts.
3 DRAWS.—Huddersfield v. Everton, Rochdale v. Darlington, Hamilton v. Ayr.
3 HOME, 3 AWAY.—Notts Forest, Preston Celtic, Chelsea, Motherwell.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Stoke, Hearts, Sheffield W. v. Sheffield U.
SPECIAL 6 HOME (LEAGUES I. AND II.).—Cardiff, West Ham, Notts Forest, Preston, West Bromwich.

FORECASTS FOR SEPTEMBER 22.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Arsenal, Villa, Blackburn, Derby, Everton, Leeds, Leicester, Sheffield W.
AWAY WINNER.—Newcastle.
DRAWS.—Bury v. Sheffield U., Sunderland v. Birmingham.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Bradford, Chelsea, Millwall, Southampton, Swansea.
AWAY WINNERS.—Middlesbrough, Tottenham.
DRAWS.—Blackpool v. West Bromwich, Grimsby v. Hull, Notts Co. v. Preston.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (NORTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Darlington, Doncaster, Southport, South Shields, Stockport, Tranmere, Wigan.
AWAY WINNER.—Wrexham.
DRAWS.—Crewe v. Carlisle, Halifax v. Bradford C.

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION III. (SOUTHERN).
HOME WINNERS.—Brentford, Bristol R., Crystal Palace, Exeter, Newport, Southend, Watford.
AWAY WINNERS.—Coventry, Plymouth.
DRAWS.—Brighton v. Swindon, Merthyr v. Northampton.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Ayr, Clyde, Hibs., Queen's Park.
AWAY WINNERS.—Celtic, Hearts.
DRAWS.—Cowdenbeath v. St. Mirren, Falkirk v. Third Lanark, Glasgow Rangers v. Motherwell.

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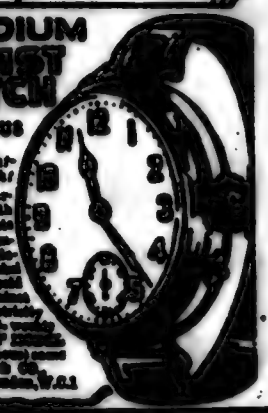

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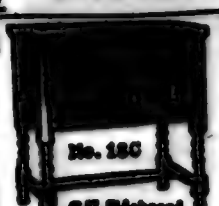
At Half Price. Illustrated, also 25 x 20 x 12, with double spring motor, 12-in. Velvet Seven Arm Sound Box, Amplifier, Needle Cups, 25 recs. 5s. Pickup, Lazy Cabinet, 21 10s. Or Motors, 9/- Accessories, List Free. 24 p. Drawing and How to Make Gramophone, 2d.—Imperial Fretsaw Co., Dept. 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.



£5 Elsbeard
HIRASCO-PEGGE

Mrs. A. Galley Tells How Cuticura Healed Eczema

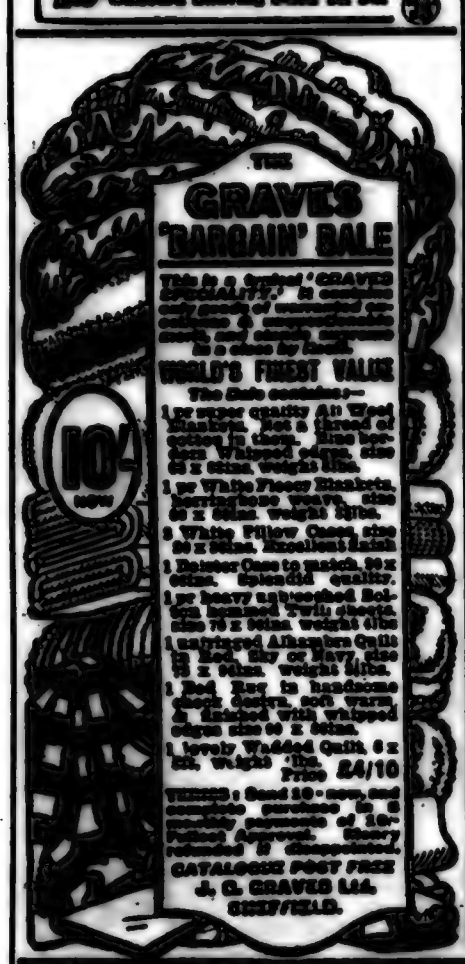
"I had dry eczema. It started between my fingers and then spread to my face. My hands were itchy and sore, and my face was half covered with dry scales and so sore that I could hardly open my mouth. It looked awful, and I was so ashamed that I would not go out or let anyone see me. I had to keep my hands out of water, and could not sleep.

"A friend advised Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample. After using it my hands and face did not itch so much so I purchased more, which healed me." (Signed) Mrs. A. Galley, New Row Cottages, Wolsingham, Durham, England.

Cuticura Soap daily, with Cuticura Ointment when required, prevents pimples or other eruptions. They are pleasing to use, as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering.

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 2d. and 3s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 2d. For samples address, enquiring "Cuticura," Malden, Mass., U.S.A.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 2d.



Bald Men Grow Hair

Amazing Hair Growth on Bald Heads After Using Kotalko the Genuine Hair-Grower. Not a Medicine. Rub on the Scalp where New Hair is Desired.

Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

Was Quite Bald

Torrington, N. Devon.

After trying different Treatments without result, I was very disappointed, and thought I should be bald all my life, or else have to wear a wig.

Then I read about Kotalko, and decided to give it a trial. Please bear in mind that I was quite bald and my head was as shiny as could be when I started using your compound.

After I had used about two tins I found I had got hair coming all over my head. I continued to use it, and now I have got a good head of hair again, as shown in the photograph.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) P. TUCKER.

Full Growth of Hair

Dublin.

When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, there was no hair at all.

I used Kotalko on the scalp until I noticed signs of a slight down on parts of the head. Then I knew the roots were not dead after all, so I went on using Kotalko, and gradually the down changed into real hair which kept on growing, until at last the whole of my head was covered with a full growth of hair in its natural colour just as it used to be.

Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are highly satisfied with it.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) Thomas Hayes.

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko, with outstanding and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

100,000 TESTING BOXES

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it will only be necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

SEND OR COPY THIS COUPON

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 M.P.), LONDON, W.1.

PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment, which gets right down to the root of the trouble in the system. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KURRIE HOUSE, BRADFORD.

TURN TO THE POSTAL BARGAINS ON PAGES 34-35

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 39.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

Miss A. Baron, 26a, Upperhill Street, Liverpool.
DOOMED TO DISAPPOINTMENT—THOSE IMAGINING EMPIRE'S DOOMED.

F. Bartlett, 4, Gt. Percy Street, London, W.C.
PROUD FATHER—TELLS WORLD—FORGETS REGISTRAR.

Miss N. A. Hard, Fore Street, Sidmouth.
NOT WORTH WORRYING ABOUT—FAMILY TREE—CLIMB "LADDER."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. D. E. Harden, 313, London Road, Romford, Essex.
HOUSEHOLD HINT—CLOSELY FOLLOWS MA-IN-LAW'S GREETING.

T. Hughes, The Depot, Glen Parva, South Wigston, Nr. Leicester.
TALKING PICTURES — WIFE THINKING PHOTOGRAPHER MAKING.

Mrs. L. Jones, Bank House, Bell Street, Talgarth, Brecons.
OUR LAWS—PERMITS PROMOTERS LEGAL FRAYS.

W. J. McDowell, Denton Square, Gt. Clifton, Workington.
THE HARDEST—"COME-BACK"—BRITAIN'S, AFTER *Victory*.

O. Mason, 10, Ashford Road, Maidstone.
WHY AMERICA'S WEALTHY—HER PEOPLE SPEND *Most*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

E. Randall, 6, Keyham Street, Devonport.
FLOOD OF ORATORY — OFTEN STARTS WITH "PURE."

C. M. Smith, 1, Court 1, Jackson's Lane, Wellingborough.
CHIVALRY—EARNS SMILE—OR LAUGH.

50 Winners of £1:

Mrs. R. Allen, 54, Elsinore Rd., Forest Hill, S.E.
Miss M. Awde, 24, Ashdale Rd., Terenure, Dublin.
Miss S. A. Barrow, Mottram St. Andrew, Prestbury.
F. Bennett, 47, High St., March, Cambs.
W. H. Beattie, 60, Canal St., Derby.
G. Birch, 47, Lyne Crescent, E.
T. H. Brant, 131, Trentham St., Southfields, S.W.
H. Briggs, Rockefield, Sheffield.
R. Butler, 112, Camden St., Stockton-on-Tees.
L. Carpenter, 4, Council Villas, Bream, Glos.
Mrs. M. Clark, 128, Boundary Rd., Leyton, E.
Mrs. L. A. Coleman, 41, Rosebolt Rd., Southsea.
M. Connelly, 30, Wallace St., Cockenzie, N.B.
L. Cooke, 44, Wellington Grove, Stockport.
M. M. Davies, 31, Graigfawr Rd., Pontardulais.
D. Davis, 267, Waterloo Rd., S.E.
R. Dowthwaite, 18, Bursnot, Workington.
A. East, 18, Overstone Rd., Northampton.
W. Evans, 124, Richmond Rd., Crewe.
W. Filtness, 41, Salisbury Rd., Maidstone.
J. H. Giles, 184, Peterborow Rd., Godalming.
A. H. Goss, 15, Morley Avenue, Highams Park, E.
F. Gower, 123, Elm Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.
B. Hatton, 42, Manderville St., Sheffield.
F. Hayes, 99, St. Georges Rd., Westminster, S.W.
J. Holden, 34, Blackburn Rd., Ribchester, Lancs.
Mrs. Howell, 43, St. Lawrence Rd., Upminster, Essex.
A. G. Inrig, 14, Cromwell Rd., Glasgow.
C. Jones, 4a, Beaconsfield St., Liverpool.
A. Keith, c/o 21, Upper Redlands Rd., Reading.
A. Kerr, 28, Victoria Park Drive, North, Glasgow.
H. N. King, 5, Temple Square, Willenhall, Staffs.
R. List, East Bergholt, Suffolk.
Miss L. Lye, 119, Oaistor Park Rd., West Ham, E.
A. McDonald, 640, Edington St., Glasgow.
Mrs. F. Milburn, North End, Hutton-Rudby, Yorks.
W. B. Nash, 106, Station Rd., Addlestone, Surrey.
W. Paul, Argyll House, Kinlochleven, Argyll.
Miss P. Pearce, 81, Croft, Swindon.
A. Riddle, 8, Prospect Place, Hastings.
Miss E. Sharpen, 7, Acorn St., Woolwich, S.E.
F. W. Sheat, 58, Denman St., Nottingham.
L. Smith, 16, Victoria St., Englefield Green, Surrey.
H. D. Stuart, "Sherwood," Ridgeview Rd., Totteridge.
J. Turner, 4, Benson St., Stanley, Co. Durham.
E. Twist, 71, Emily St., St. Helens.
Mrs. K. Wallis, Stairbridge Lane, Bolney.
E. J. Welch, 47, Chandos Rd., N.W.
G. F. Williams, 137, Central Ave., Hayes, Middx.
S. Yarnall, 2, Edgehill Rd., Aberystwyth.

A Complete List of 169 10/- and 1,063 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the first three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 630 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR COMPETITION No. 631.

MYSTERY OF LIFE—PERFECT—NOT KNOWN TO DO—EVERY MINUTE—STROKE OF GENIUS—"DO YOU LOVE ME?"—FAREWELL PERFORMANCE—STRANGERS—RASHLY IN DISTRESS—PUTTING HORSE ON—BEARD NOTHING—FATHER'S SHIP—READY TO FIGHT—MORE VARIETY—OUR SCIENTISTS—A TON OF COAL—WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN—PALTRY—NO RACE—ARE HER FOOLISH?

(Rules in previous column.)

Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining-table.

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARDS means a happy and contented home life.

A first small payment brings the table carriage paid, free of transit risk and on 7 DAYS' TRIAL.

FOR 14/- DOWN you can have your own perfect Billiard Table, a 6-ft. replica of Riley's famous full-size Billiard Tables. This table rests comfortably on an ordinary dining-table, and after play can be stored away until the following evening. The balance of the purchase price is paid whilst you are getting enjoyment from the table.

If the 6 ft. size is not convenient, there is sure to be one amongst the following:—

4 ft. 6 ins. x 2 ft. 6 ins.	£7	0	0	or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 14/-, 16/-, 20/-.	
5 ft. 6 ins. x 2 ft. 10 ins.	£9	0	0		
6 ft. 6 ins. x 3 ft. 6 ins.	£11	15	0		
7 ft. 6 ins. x 3 ft. 10 ins.	£15	0	0		
8 ft. 6 ins. x 4 ft. 6 ins.	£21	0	0		

Send to-day for free art list.

E. J. RILEY, LIMITED,
ARTIZAN WORKS, ACCRINGTON,
and at *Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1.*

Riley's "Cabriole" Billiard and Dining Table, cash price £16 10s., or on easy terms) one of the many attractive designs shown in art list.

Riley's "Gamble" Billiard & Dining Table. A very popular piece of furniture. Cash price from £33 10s., or on easy terms.

JOHN BULL Replies

WHY be so down-hearted and a misery to yourself and those around you? Send particulars of your bewildering difficulty to JOHN BULL's Free Advice Service, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. You will be told by experts how to obtain a new outlook on life by having a mind released from haunting trouble. And it is worth having.

• • • • • • •

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

A. E. (Brixton).—"He called me a half-wit." He exaggerated.

F. M. C. (Chester).—"Marriage is a problem that can be solved." And dissolved.

L. B. (Harrow).—"I have had the same umbrella for several years." Then it's time you returned it.

L. B. (Enfield).—"My wife insists that I shall wheel the perambulator. What shall I do?" Wheel the perambulator.

L. B. (Partick).—"Why are pictures protected by glass?" Probably because it seems such a pity to break good glass.

T. C. (Harringay).—"I was knocked down by a horse and trap." What a distinction!

MINNIE (W.3).—"I knew he was dying to kiss me." Did you render first aid?

F. B. (Barnet).—"What should I do with old love-letters now I have married somebody else?" That's a burning question.

C. J. (Wigton).—"The Dutch spend half their revenue on dyke repairs." And get nothing but dams for their pains.

F. N. D. (London, W.).—"It is dangerous to make love to a man's wife." It is even more dangerous to make love to his widow.

W. P. (Barrhead).—"What is etiquette?" The truth you mustn't tell when your hostess asks you how old you think she is.

D. K. (Leeds).—"I wrote to the income-tax official and told him to mind his own business." But your business is his business.

CIVIL SERVANT (Margate).—"My holiday finishes next week." And then, we suppose, you will go back to your well-earned rest.

C. T. (Marlow).—"I picked up her handkerchief which she had dropped on the beach and that's how we met." Ground bait.

S. N. (Ealing).—"I enclose his photograph. Hasn't he a gloomy face?" Nobody could help feeling gloomy with a face like that.

P. R. (Chester).—"No dog can serve two masters." This makes it very hard for a husband when his mother-in-law comes to stay.

L. N. (Dorking).—"Wives do not reverence their husbands nowadays." Nevertheless, they frequently place burnt offerings before them.

A. U. Y. (Waddington).—"He has gone away for a year, but wouldn't disclose his address." He may be back before that, if his behaviour is good.

S. G. (Wapping).—"During excavations here an object 10 ft. long was found and said to be the bone of a whale." It's certainly a whale of a bone.

A. N. (Goole).—"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." You're quite safe.

WALLY (Westward Ho—"I am an expert at light conversation." You must have a lantern jaw.

F. T. E. (Streatham).—"Everybody likes a good loser." Until he loses everything.

C. R. (Southsea).—"I was brought up sensibly." Then what excuses can you offer?

P. Y. (Highbury).—"In my next letter I'll be brief." Do. Just tell us what you think.

D. N. (Birchington).—"Fat men are easygoing." Yes, but it's hard to get round them.

H. J. (Herne Bay).—"I could never be an actor." Don't worry. Lots of actors are like that.

A. M. (Seasalter).—"The rain was pouring down." That's the direction it usually takes.

FREDA (Leeds).—"He said he was dying to kiss me." What did you do? Render first aid?

B. E. (Chertsey).—"An income-tax form makes me go cold all over." That's the chill in Churchill.

L. T. (St. Albans).—"It takes brains to play football." Many a player has scored by using his head.

B. E. (Chesterfield).—"Two's company." Sometimes two cease to be company when made one.

N. C. (Crowborough).—"What is this Scottish sport of tossing the caber?" It's a sort of Highland fling.

C. T. (Ramsgate).—"The question is: Who will give the bride away?" Why not be charitable and say nothing?

T. G. (Aberdeen).—"I know all the short cuts and side streets of this city." Flag days have taught you, we suppose.

G. D. (London, N.).—"There is a new number on my car." But we expect you can always tell it by the destination board in front.

C. T. (Hornsey).—"Where do you think I am going next summer?" Do you really think there will be two summers in succession?

A. Y. (Epsom).—"My baby can't say 'Daddy' yet." Perhaps it would be better not to tell it who you are until it is a little stronger.

R. A. (Tottenham).—"You haven't asked me how I managed to send you an article each week." No; but we should like to know why.

N. L. (Boxmoor).—"I regret to say that his father was a burglar." It is to be hoped that he doesn't follow in his father's finger-prints.

D. N. (Vauxhall).—"The London stations are thronged with tanned children returning from their holidays." They must have been very naughty.

J. D. (Dunstable).—"If you don't like this article say so." So.

D. N. (Edgware).—"My friends say I am imposing." On them?

A. H. (Nelson).—"Can fish smell?" Oh, yes. Especially in hot weather.

L. W. H. (West Derby).—"I am learning four languages." Going in for golf?

A. S. (Coventry).—"I kissed her on both cheeks." No hesitation between the two?

L. B. (Hayes).—"I'll shoot a poem into your office." Rubbish may not be shot here.

G. L. (Euston).—"I am clever at disguises." Perhaps your face drove you to it.

J. G. (London, W.C.).—"Didn't you expect me to call on Friday?" Yes, we went out.

R. E. (London, N.).—"I want experience." There's none given away. You'll have to buy it.

M. C. (Folkestone).—"What is a good thing for gout?" Rich food and pastry, with wines and spirits.

L. P. (Queenstown).—"How can I prevent postage stamps sticking together?" Buy them one at a time.

M. C. (Sutton).—"How many whiskies should a man drink a day?" If he pays for them or some one else?

J. S. (Streatham).—"He has threatened me with violence if I show my face again." You had better wear a mask.

S. L. (Margate).—"He smiled from ear to ear." We should say that he would be very good at eating melons.

ELSIE (Ackworth).—"My fiancé has lovely black eyes." He shouldn't argue with anybody bigger than he is.

L. J. (Coulsdon).—"It is indeed time that road tolls were abolished." Especially the toll of accidents to pedestrians.

S. N. (York).—"I made a hit on the stage with my saxophone." It seems an excellent thing to do with a saxophone.

L. R. (Penge).—"I have no secrets from my wife." How inconsiderate of you not to give her anything to find out!

E. F. C. (Sheffield).—"Will you see me before you go out?" Not if we see you before we come in.

F. C. L. (Slough).—"The autumn leaves are falling fast." Yes—including a £2,000 leaf from our cheque-book. Page 39 may bring it to your feet.

T. P. (Buxton).—"I don't like the idea of talking films." Are you one of the fiends who enjoy reading sub-titles aloud?

E. B. (London, W.).—"I run my own shop single-handed and keep myself to myself." In fact, you mind your own business.

ACTOR (Drury Lane).—"I am reduced to reciting to theatre queues." Well, they won't run away, for fear of losing their position.

A. P. (Harrow).—"What did he mean by calling me an addle-pated idiot?" We're afraid that he meant to infer that you were an addle-pated idiot.

Miss K. (Leeds).—"Do single women and married ones have one vote each now?" Married women have two votes—their own and their husbands.

F. N. (London, S.).—"He shouted at me and when I opened the door he set the dog on me and threw an iron at me." Perhaps he wanted you to go away.

BOB (Westcliff).—"I remembered her birthday." But we trust you forgot her age.

F. M. C. (Hull).—"I am always losing my luggage." Try a bottle with a screw cork.

T. H. V. (Poplar).—"The paper reported me dead." Where are you writing from?

G. G. (Canterbury).—"Did I tell you this funny story?" If it's funny, you didn't.

E. D. (Bradford).—"Do you prefer curious women, or the other kind." What other kind?

M. S. (Brighton).—"Oh, that eternal triangle!" Alas, it generally leads to a wreck-tangle!

A. S. M. (Port Glasgow).—"My car doesn't use much petrol." It doesn't go much, you mean?

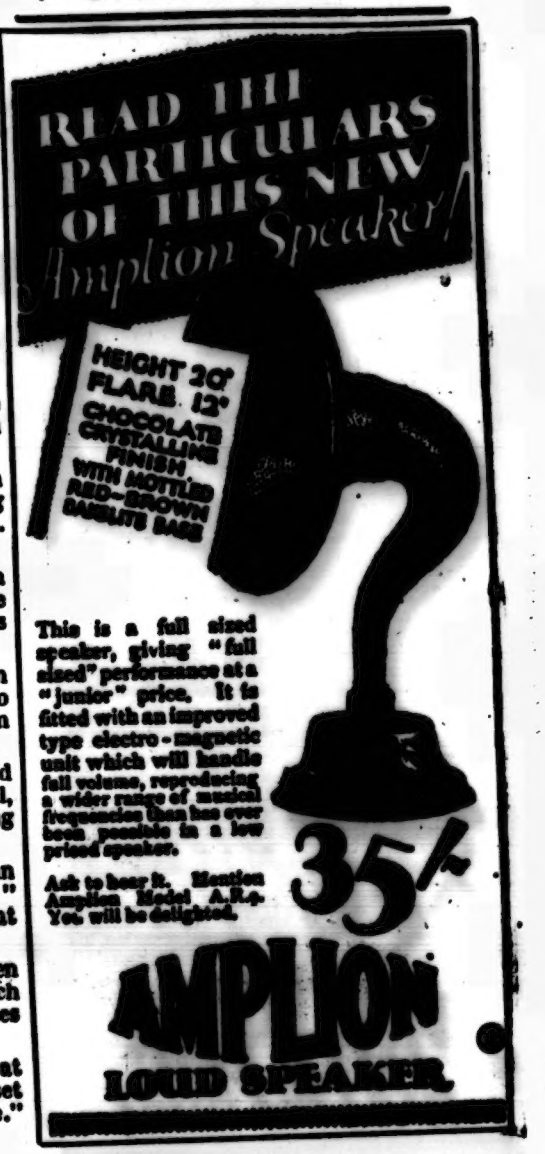
GERTRUDE (Aldgate).—"They tell me I am looking dreadfully pale." Don't use so much powder.

G. B. (Leicester).—"Red wine makes red blood." Some we have tasted might make excellent red ink.

L. T. C. (Oxford).—"Though I am only a dustman, I am an excellent cricketer." The man to bring home those ashes.

W. McK. (Farnham).—"The sale of automobiles progresses by leaps and bounds." Pedestrians are progressing in like manner.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)


READ THE PARTICULARS OF THIS NEW Amplion Speaker
HEIGHT 20" FLARE 12"
CHOCOLATE CRYSTALLINE FINISH WITH MOTTLED RED-BROWN BAKELITE BASE
This is a full sized speaker, giving "full sized" performance at a "junior" price. It is fitted with an improved type electro-magnetic unit which will handle full volume, reproducing a wider range of musical frequencies than has ever been possible in a low priced speaker.
Ask to hear it. Mention Amplion Model A.R.4. You will be delighted.
35/-
AMPLION
LOUD SPEAKER

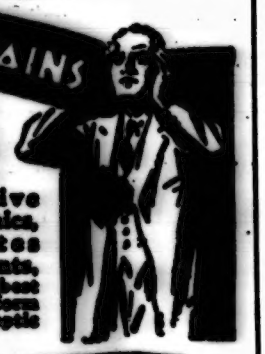
NERVES

Look after your nerves nowadays. Modern rush and noise is resulting in thousands of 'nervy' people. Take Cassell's Tablets—the all-round nourishing tonic—for all nerve troubles.

INSOMNIA

Sleepless nights mean a strained, overworked, or ill-nourished nervous system. A week or two of the four-fold nerve nourishment Cassell's supply will soon put your nerves right, and see the last of long, scaring, wakeful nights.

HEAD PAINS



Take Cassell's for nervous and sick headaches, and all nerve pains. They contain Digestive Enzymes, Stomachics, Hypophosphites and Blood Nutrients, comprising the best and most complete form of nerve and dyspeptic treatment.

DEPRESSION

Don't allow yourself to get depressed. Depression is a common form of nerve weakness. The valuable nerve-foods in Cassell's will soon build up strong nerves, and restore your high spirits. Remember Cassell's are a food—not a harmful stimulant.

"Sleepless Nights."

"For the last few months I suffered from severe headaches, and had become quite used to sleepless nights. I was never free from head pains; but after taking a Dr. Cassell's I am relieved quite well and can thoroughly enjoy life."—Miss E. Smith, 49 Radford Boulevard, Nottingham.

NEURASTHENIA
NERVE FATIGUE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
BREAKDOWN
NEURITIS
INDIGESTION
PALPITATION
FLATULENCE
ANÆMIA
KIDNEY-WEAKNESS

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS
1/3 & 3/-
A VENO PRODUCT

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

POIGNANT GRIEF

The "Poor Little Mites"

THAT the world contains much sorrow is a fact very well known to "The Greatest of These—" Fund. The tales of genuine suffering poured out by applicants in person and by letter are overwhelming.

Turning to the day's post, here is an extract from one of many like letters:

"I have had to pawn all I have to get us food; and with myself being so poorly I am not able to get what is necessary for the children, and should be greatly obliged if you could do something to assist me and the children.

"The children—four of them—have no boots and very little clothing. As you know it takes all the bit of money I receive for food and it does not consist of much more than bread for the poor little mites."

What is the father of these "poor little mites" doing to allow such a state of things?

A quotation from a letter written by the vicar of their church, who has known the family intimately for four years, gives the answer:

"A. B. (the husband) is one of the very best of fellows. He has suffered probably more than any other man I have known during these last four years, and has suffered cheerfully. In the different wards in which I have seen him, in hospital and sanatorium, he has invariably been the most cheering asset."

"A. B." was kicked by a horse while in the A.S.C.—was turned out of hospital too soon and tuberculosis set in. "Since then," says the vicar, "he has suffered acute agony, and been a complete wreck—except in spirit."

To turn to the "little mites." There are four and a new-born infant. The eldest child has been suffering from serious eye trouble, involving heavy expense taking her backwards and forwards to hospital.

Their income is 30s. per week. The father and children suffer from undernourishment and are poorly clad.

Timely assistance can do much to relieve such suffering. Let the tender-hearted among our readers show their sympathy by subscribing to the fund, so that we may promptly succour such poignant grief as this.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by John Bull.

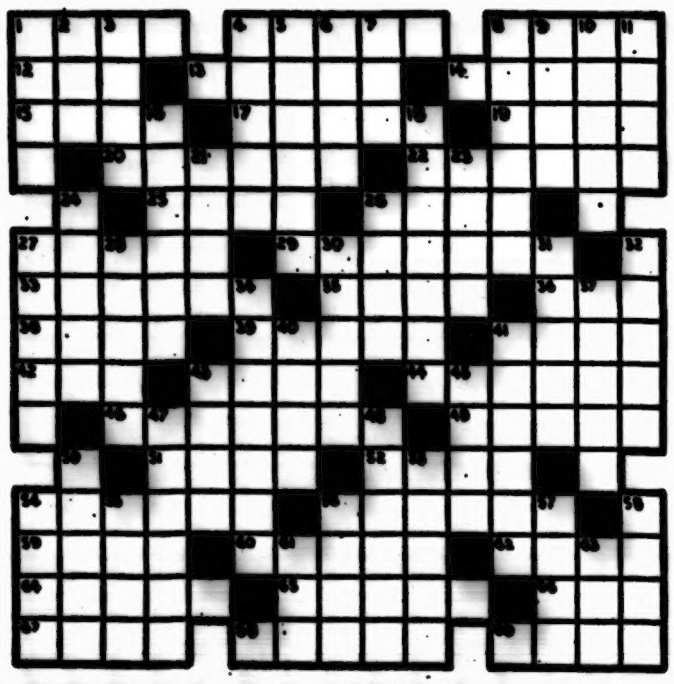
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Anonymous, £20 in sovereigns; "Abela," 5s.; Mrs. F. Ford (Swindon), 10s.; Miss E. Purey (London, S.W.1), £1; Anon. (Stroud), 2s. 6d.; "Dove-Dale" 1s. 2d.; Mrs. Crossdale (Burnley), 1s.; Mr. G. Syred (Bellingham), 1s.; "Grateful Reader" (Halifax), 2s.; "Playboy" (Reading), 1s.; Mr. A. Heal (St. Helens), 10s.; "Well Wisher," 5s.; Mr. E. Smith (Salford), 2s. 6d.; "Cockermouth," 2s. 6d.; S. T. (Taunton), 2s. 6d.; "Jumping Jo-hua" (Enfield), 2s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; "Gargoyle D.," 2s. 6d.; A. W. B.; F. H. (Tunstall), 1s.; "Cam Highes," 7s.; "Watchman" (Luton), 2s.; J. N. S. H. (Brechin), 6d.; Anon. (Bristol), 15s.; "War Widow" (Bonsham), 10s.; S. B. D. (Birkenhead), 5s.; "Success" (Garstang), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Cox (Retford), 7s. 6d.; Mr. H. Tilney (East Dereham), 2s. 6d.; "Frances," 1s.; "Well Wisher" (Cardiff), 2s.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 2s.; "A Widow's Mite" (Dover), 1s.; "Billie" (Manchester), 1s.; "Inasmuch" (Abercarve), 1s.; W. Fox, 1s.; "Inasmuch" (Gloucester), 1s.; "Waterwheel" (Edinburgh) 2s.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; "Young Scot" (Glasgow), 1s.; E. G. B. (Forest Hill), 2s.; "A Sympathiser" (Yeovil), 2s.; "Grateful Heart" (Dundee), 2s. 6d.; J. Brindle (Ashton-on-Ribble), 6d.; "Jeg" (Sheffield), 5s.; Anon. (Enclosed in parcel), 5s.; "Sympathiser" (Birkenhead), 4s.; A. D. (Ware), £1; Mr. T. Hector (Southampton), 1s.; "?" 1s. 10d.; J. M. S. B. (Brechin), 6d.; Sacred Order of the Seven Pointed Star, 5s.; Miss W. Martin (Watford), 1s.; Mrs. A. Jones (Morpeth), 6d.; Miss Carr-Salter (Camberwell), 2s. 6d.; Mr. S. Walker (Pontypridd), 1s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

DO *THIS* ONE *NOW!*



CLUES ACROSS

1. Muddle.
4. A flash.
8. Poisonous tree.
12. Everything.
13. A stick.
14. First.
15. A hide.
17. To eat away
19. Become.
20. Vegetable.
22. Moulded.
25. To sever.
26. A bugle.
27. A trap.
29. Of lower years.
33. Word of honour.
35. Difference between paper money and coin.
36. Female sheep.
38. Afresh.
39. Turned over.
41. Eastern European race.
42. Lair.
43. Nearly "after."
44. Property.
46. To pacify.
49. Stratum.
51. To discover.
52. Adjoin.
54. Town in Lancs.
56. E. coast resort.
59. Kind of lily.
60. Of tender years.
62. Titled woman.
64. Refund.
65. Propagate.
66. To guide.
67. Paradise.
68. Dizzy.
69. Cried.

CLUES DOWN

1. To mix.
2. Large deer.
3. Slender.
4. Austere.
5. Burlesque imitation.
6. State.
7. Colour.
8. Polite.
9. Multi-coloured.
10. High Indian title.
11. Despatch.
16. Of little width.
18. Vulcanite.
21. Scotch dance.
23. Therefore.
24. Silly.
26. Mighty.
27. Garden implement.
28. Contesting place.
30. Fertile spots.
31. Pass on.
32. High temperature.
34. Good digestion.
37. H_2O.
40. Supplicate.
41. Announced.
43. Part of a choir.
45. Mean dwelling.
47. A writer.
48. Gained.
50. Weary.
53. A ghost.
54. Goods.
55. A victim.
58. Coagulated milk.
57. Competition.
58. Cooped.
61. Japanese sash.
63. A brush.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on p. 29.

WORRY AND INDIGESTION

Sound Advice to Dyspeptics.

Many people at the present time are suffering from nervous indigestion. The cause is often due to worry, overwork, lack of exercise, some nervous upset, or a general run-down condition of the system. This form of indigestion or nervous dyspepsia can readily be corrected by building up the blood.

For this building-up process there is nothing better than Dr. Williams' pink pills. These pills create new rich blood, which quickly tones up the whole system; the nerves are strengthened, and the actual cause of the indigestion is banished.

Mrs. K. Allaway, of 64, Warwick Gardens, London, N.4, states:—"Two years ago I suffered agonies from indigestion. Everything I ate was followed by intense pain. I became a nervous wreck, and life was a misery. After doctor's treatment had failed, my husband advised me to try Dr. Williams' pink pills. I did so, and gradually the fainting feelings and headaches disappeared. Now I am completely cured."

So banish your indigestion by taking Dr. Williams' pink pills. Of all chemists, 3s. 6d. box—nothing else will do.

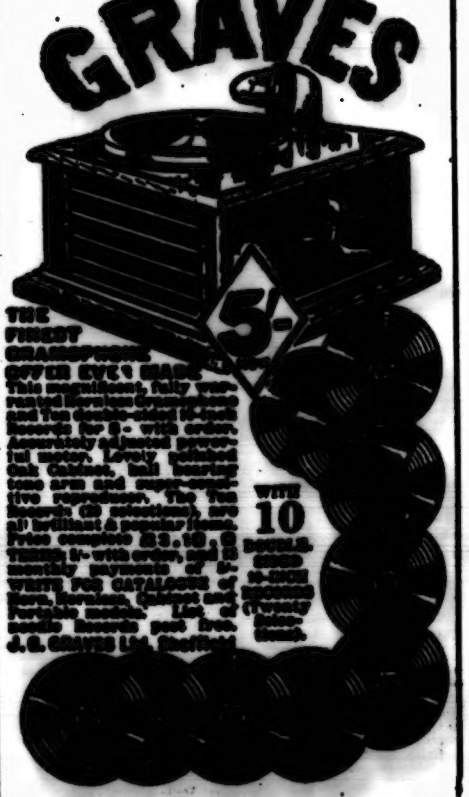
FREE. "What to Eat," a booklet specially written for indigestion sufferers, will be sent free to all who write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

FREE ECZEMA CURE.

Instant Relief for all Skin Sufferers.

You can stop that awful itch from Eczema or other skin disease in just two seconds. This seems too good to be true, but it is true. A few drops of D.D.D. Prescription will instantly stop the most terrible itch or skin irritation. This discovery of Dr. D. Dennis has become famous throughout the world as the most wonderful and reliable remedy for skin Diseases, for it sinks deep into the pores, kills the disease germs, washes them away, and leaves the skin clean and pure. D.D.D. Prescription Cures Eczema, Psoriasis, Bad Leg, and all other Diseases of the Skin and Scalp. It never fails to give relief. Then why delay? A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE WILL BE SENT TO ALL SKIN SUFFERERS WHO WRITE TO THE D.D.D. LABORATORIES, M.N.22, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

GRAVES



THE FINEST GRAMOPHONE COVER EVER MADE

This magnificent, fully warranted Gramophone Cover is made and Two double-sided 10-inch records for 5/- with every Accurately adjusted powerful motor. Lovely polished Oak Cabinet, ball bearing tone arm and sweet-toned reproducer. The Two Records (2) selections are all brilliant & popular items. Price complete £2.10.0, CASH TERMS 5/- with order, and 10 monthly payments of 5/-

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Gramophones, Cabinet and Portable models. List of needle records post free.

WITH 10 DOUBLE-SIDED 10-INCH RECORDS (Twenty Tunes) Given Away

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

BRITISH MUSEUM 5 OCT 28

BULLETS' GIGANTIC FIRST PRIZE

£1,000

It must be won. It may be yours

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

30 PRIZES OF £1

3RD PRIZE £50

2ND PRIZE £100

100 of 10/-

2,000 of 2/6

10,000 TARGET PRIZES

£33,152 IN 'BULLETS' CASH PRIZES AWARDED THIS YEAR

2173 CASH PRIZES MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 657

FIRST PRIZE OF 1,000 Guineas:
Mr. S. WILLIAMSON, Upcott, Barton, Torquay.
Example:—OUR LAWS
Bullet:—JUST—SENTENCES, JUST ARE BOW.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. F. W. ROSE, 38, Hawley Street, Tredegar, Mon., and [illegible], Essex.
Example:—Is PEACE A CERTAINTY?
Bullet:—MAN QUESTIONS—WOMAN, ANSWER! (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
J. CLAYTON, 81, Lord Street, Nelson-with-Ightenhill, Lancs.
Example:—STRUGGLING ON
Bullet:—LUCKY—THOUSANDS MERELY STRUGGLING.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
Miss M. BROWNE, 7, Blacker Road, N. Bibby, Ruddington, Notts.
AT HEAVEN'S GATES—BUT MY DOG'S WAITING.
R. CHURCHILL, Doubletook, Liskeard, Cornwall.
COMPLICATED MATTERS—PARLIAMENT "DECAYING"—INSIDE ALSO.
J. EVERY, 15, Weston Street, Leek, Staffs.
IS PEACE A CERTAINTY?—IS WELL CONFIDENT QUITE.
F. C. HOOPER, 4, Ford Bank Crescent, Folkestone.
FLOOD OF ORATORY—USELESS—OVEN COMPARISON'S "FLOOD-GATES."
F. JONES, 3, Medgbury Road, Swindon.
"WHAT IS WAR, MUMMY?"—MUMMY FALTERED—DADDY FELL.
Mrs. E. TELFER, 49, Oliver Park, Hawick, N.B.
WISHING HER HEART—"WALK-OVER" SHE TUNELESSLY "HANDICAPS."
H. TOMKINS, 3, Highbury New Park, London, N.
AT HEAVEN'S GATES—CHILD CAN REACH KNOCKER.
Mrs. E. WALLIS, "Thompsetts," Stairbridge Lane, Bolney, Sussex.
WONDERFUL WOMAN—LEFT SALE TO VOTE.
A. E. WARWICK, 2, Orchardleigh, Cherry Orchard, Highworth, Swindon.
NOT WORTH WORRYING ABOUT—LANDLADY'S "HISTORY"—"ARITHMETIC" IS.
C. WARWICKER, 176, Bath Road, Kettering.
IS PEACE A CERTAINTY?—DOESN'T FOLLOW—PURSUE IT.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

(Continued on page 36)

How you can win £2,000!

ZERO hour in the *Bullets* autumn "big push" has struck this week. A fortune of £2,000 and 2,172 other cash prizes are waiting for those who shoot the best *Bullets*—and *every prize must be won.*

You may be new to the competition, but you can start making *Bullets* at once. From the list of *Examples* on this page select one and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS with some bearing upon it. Thus, if you choose the *Example* BLOCKING THE PATH, the added words LEAGUE FINDS ARMAMENT "BARRIERS" would form a *Bullet.*

Twenty-three winning *Bullets* which have captured prizes from 1,000 Guineas down to £2 10s. are published this week. Study them carefully—then get to work yourself and win that £2,000!

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 690.

ALL OVER THE WORLD	IF CLOTHES WERE ACCLAIMED	GIRL IN THE PICTURE
HIVE OF INDUSTRY	TAUGHT BE A LESSON	ALL THAT MATTERS
GOLF CURE	ALL WENT WELL, PHYL	[illegible]
[illegible]	WHAT DADDY DID	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	BLOCKING THE PATH
[illegible]	"ISN'T THE BEAUTIFUL!"	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	WORDS SAY
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	IF I WERE A [illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	WHERE ARE WOMEN GOING?
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(690) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 4d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(690) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 4d.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" post your entries [illegible]

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter all on one address on each coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(690) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 4d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 4.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(690) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 36. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 4d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 690, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

IN CANADA

Where **help** in the home *is scarcest*

DOMESTIC help—it is often a big problem here at home. Think what it means on the lonely prairie farms of Western Canada. You cannot "send things to the laundry" if you live a day's journey from a town; you cannot hire a charwoman to help with the scrubbing.

But the men and women who run these farms are among the most enterprising and up-to-date in the world. They have cars, wireless, telephones, the latest labour-saving machinery—and they have Sunlight Soap. Throughout Canada, in the great cities as on the remote farms, you will find Sunlight everywhere.

And the sales are continually increasing—not only in Canada, but throughout the Empire and the world. That is a fact of which British women may be proud. For it was they who first recognised the supreme purity and quality of Sunlight Soap—the ease with which it lathers, even in the hardest water—how it saves labour, makes clothes last longer and leaves everything sweet and fresh.

In TORONTO and VANCOUVER one housewife out of every two uses Sunlight Soap

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Used in 134 *different* Countries

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